

THE  
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NOT SO BAD AS 'TWOULD SEEM; OR, TWO SIDES TO  
A CHARACTER.

BY A. OAKLEY HALL.

In the words of a familiarly sounding aphorism, a man is made according as a certain word is spelled!

I am very clear that as the world rotates now-a-days (saying nothing of Monsieur Foucault's new demonstration), *manors* "make the man:" whether in the general appreciation of the world *manners* "make the man," I am prepared to dispute with an excellently authenticated instance; one taken from my own note book of reminiscence.

But before coming to that I submit to the reader whether he has not seen a man with the most perfect manners not a man: that is to say, a gentleman; for this is what the aphorist meant by the term man—the 'gentle' being added since

"Adam delved and Eve span."

I remember my friend Tom Larkspur (the most noted and most agreeable about-towner in Gotham) was once a passenger in the splendid packet ship Independence, when Captain Nye was not so nigh the immortality of a seaman's fame as he now is through his Pacific idol. The ship was crowded with passengers, and nearly every one on the first morning out sick in their state rooms; "Tom" was, however, astir, and not at all bilious or choleric. It was about half an hour after sunrise of the morning of a summer's day, and habited in white trowsers and a short white jacket, Tom stood examining a beautiful bit of moulding in the cabin, with his back to stateroom No. 10.

Now stateroom No. 10 had been going on dreadfully all night; he had been rolled, and jumbled, and tossed, and hustled by old Neptune, until his bones creaked in unison with the timbers below and the cordage above; therefore by daylight he was in a beautiful humor. His head was empty, his stomach emptier, and his bottle of soda water was emptiest. In want of more soda water was No. 10; and so putting his night-capped head out of the little window by the door, and nearly severing his jugular vein against its sharp corner, he espied Tom, and with that readiness of logic peculiar to landsmen at sea, he concluded Tom was a steward at least.

"Steward," cried No. 10.

The steward was yet asleep, dreaming out a capital recipe for making the mutton chops of six old wethers supply thirty passengers during a probable long passage.

"Steward," repeated No. 10, to the supposed officer in the figure of Tom.

The latter was getting very deep into the mysteries of ornamental architecture, when a boot hit him in the back, and caused him to turn suddenly around.

"Scoundrel," was the word which rose to Tom's lips: but when he saw the comical figure of a Jerseyman, with red whiskers, and a blue night-cap at the stateroom window, his wrath was supplanted by mirth, and his anger by a hearty guffaw.

"This is infamous," cried No. 10: "to be neglected by one's own steward was enough, but to be despised and scoffed is abominable."

Tom approached the irate inmate of No. 10 with his politest bow. "My poor invalid, you are mistaken."

"Invalid! How do you know I'm an invalid? How do you dare to know I'm an invalid?"

Another polite bow, with a deprecatory waive of the hand, as if begging the question. "I repeat it you are mistaken. I'm not the steward, but a fellow passenger."

"Well, if you ain't steward you ought to be, for a more mealy-hearted man I never saw: let's me hit him with a boot and returns me never a curse, but a laugh;" and so saying No. 10 retired to the solitude of his misery.

Now there's no gentleman of better standing than Tom; but what availed his *manors*, his polite bow and suavity of deportment under the seeming dress of a steward.

But to my own reminiscence.

Some four years ago (when I was a bachelor loafer at a country watering place of some repute, and an inmate of a private boarding house), I was owner of a little skiff, with which I paddled about a fairy lake hard by, in an earnest "communication with nature," discovering her "varied forms." One morning I was returning from my water ramblings, habited as usual in the oldest

clothes of my wardrobe, when first I neared the mouth of the little creek in which I moored my little craft, I was hailed by a voice. Turning my head over my shoulder, I espied a gentleman and lady walking on the bank. The hat and short-waisted coat of the former, and the straw hat of the latter, told me at once they were English "folk," and newcomers from Albion at that.

"My good man," said the voice, "what will you charge to place us across this stream upon yonder bank (pointing to the opposite shore of the creek which had a width in a dry ridge of some twenty feet, with a back-ground of five miles of swamp forest).

I saw their mistake at once, and I own my *amour propre* for the moment felt like a sheep must feel, I suppose, when newly sheared: but a glance at the bank flashed across my mind the possibility of indulging in a harmless joke.

"Charge, zur, leetle enough I calculate for a gentleman like you." I answered in my thickest voice. "I think five cents apiece will fetch it."

"Extraordinary," whispered the lady, a sharp-nosed maiden (who it afterward seemed was the sister), and taking out some tablets, "another illustration of cheap labor memorandum, brother, the uniform price of boat hire in America is five cents a passenger."

An illustration of arguing generalities from specialities in foreign tourists, I said to myself.

"Good"—said the brother, descending the bank, and assisting his sister into the skiff.

"How long have you been at this business?" said he.

"Ever since I was at college," said I, rather inadvertently considering the affected promiscuism I had begun with. But my dress was too deceptive for his English eyes to suspect the truth; and out came the tablets again "Mem.—another illustration of free popular education in America: all the working classes go to college."

"Those are beautiful woods," said the brother, pointing to the swamp. "Do you know who has ever been through them?"

"I do not: I think, sir, no one about here cares for doing it."

Out came the tablets. Mem. American people strangely insensible to the natural beauties of their own country!"

"You may take us to them, my good fellow," said the English gentleman.

And I did so.

First waiting for them to scramble on the bank (and nodding assent to a requisition to

come in an hour), I was off, resolutely determined neither to look to the right hand or the left until I had re-crossed. Arriving at my mooring place I fastened my boat, and, maliciously (I confess to it) stooping down behind a thick clump of bushes I began to look out for fun. My English friends had just emerged from the woods. They had evidently been to the edge of the swamp, and learned a lesson about the scenery of an American forest. I could see that the lady looked anxious. Well she might. There was not a tree on the bank, the sun was pouring down to the mark of 88° Fahrenheit, and being reflected from the waters into their faces with tenfold heat. A few minutes passed; the lady began to look feverish; I could endure it on the score of gallantry no longer; old Manchester trowers might have roasted half a day and I could not have pitied him; but then the lady! True, she had a vinegar voice and a red nose; but she was a lady for all that; and besides, her nose bid fair to be redder.

I emerged towards the skiff and pulled over.

"Ah, my good man, we changed our mind," said the gentleman; "there appeared to have been a heavy rain in the forest, and walking is disagreeable."

If your ear had been down to my sleeve, reader, you would have heard a quiet laugh.

Well: we met again at dinner. I had earned ten cents and an appetite. The English couple had quartered at my hotel. Very singularly we were vis-a-vis at the "ordinary." I had smoothed my hair and changed my dress but slightly. The lady stared and the gentleman stared; if my memory serves me, a pair of eye glasses were raised. I was quietly indulging my appetite. It was evident the recognition was mutual.

"John," said *Anglice* to the waiter, "call the head waiter."

Who came.

"I wish to know if it is customary to have menials at the public table," quoth my English acquaintance.

"Menials, sar; who dat, sar! never heerd ob him, sar, since I'se been in dis yere house."

"Stupid," was muttered; but the slight fit of petulance produced by the reply did not make him forget the memorandum book, into which, as I read after the motions of his pencil, went the following entry: "Servants at table in America, very ready, yet very stupid: evidently confused by true gentility."

Just at this moment our host came by;

the observation queried about was put to him.

"Menials, sir? no! where."

The sister first pointed to me. "You must turn him from the table, or I go this instant."

"Turn *him* from the table: *him*! John Quondam, my best boarder? Never."

"Why, he's a boatman! I gave him ten cents this morning."

"Which is at your immediate disposal," returned I, reaching a dime over to him. "In rowing you I but humored some private joke of my own."

"Then you are a gentleman?"

"I try to be, sir, despite rough clothes; for, if they, and not manners, make the man, then I am not a gentleman!"

I boarded there four weeks, but I never again saw my English passengers!

#### THE PRIMEVAL FORESTS.

THE researches of science have long since established the fact that the natural productions of the United States are not surpassed by those of any other in the world. But when we come to consider the magnitude and variety of our *forests*, we claim to be more richly endowed than all the world beside: and we deem it a pleasant pass-time occasionally to take a retrospective view of our extensive and superb country as it appears to the mind's eye in the light of the olden times. When De Soto, Smith, Hudson, and the Puritan Robinson first landed upon the several spots with which their names are inseparably associated, they all found shelter from the summer's heat or the winter's cold in forests, whose very shadows at the sunset hour mingled with the surges of the Atlantic. Far as their visions could penetrate, they beheld a wilderness of woods, and they were all deeply impressed with the imposing aspect of nature as she revealed the wonders of her luxuriance; but though undiscovered and unexplored, there then existed an almost boundless country of forest. Excepting one single, but truly extensive section of prairie or desert land lying westward of its centre, our country was then all forest, even from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and from Lake Superior and its Daughter Seas to the Gulf of Mexico. Our country was then an empire of monarchs, throned upon a thousand mountains and in a thousand valleys, and their diadems of luxuriant green, leafy and fragrant, were oftentimes bathed in the clouds of heaven, and burnished to a surpassing brilliancy by the sunbeams. The forests which then existed were probably as ancient as the world itself—primeval in all their features—and one thing is certain, they were not planted by the hand of man. Like the antediluvians, the trees which composed them were buffeted by the storms of centuries, but remained virtually uninjured

and unchanged; they were, in truth, the emblems of superior might and power. Indeed, then as now, only a portion of them were ever subject to the destroying and regenerating influences of the seasons; for while the forests of the South were bright with a perpetually verdant foliage, and always laden with luscious fruits, the evergreens of the North afforded a comfortable shelter from the snows and winds to the human and subordinate denizens of the wilderness world. Aside, too, from their immense extent, their magnificence and strength, these forests were remarkable for their density, since we have every reason to believe that but for the intervening streams, they presented continuous fields of foliage, receding to the four corners of the horizon. Hence the gloom and solitude which ever pervaded their recesses. And when we think of them, brooding under the pall of night, in the mellow light of the moon and stars, or swaying to and fro, and moaning, as it were, under the influences of summer and winter storms, the mind becomes impressed by their sublimity, with emotions that are truly sublime.

But there was also much of the beautiful and the peaceful associated with the forests of the olden times. How could it have been otherwise, since it is ever more the province and the delight of our mother nature to fill the hearts of her children with love rather than with terror and awe? Flowers of loveliest hue and sweetest fragrance nestled in countless numbers around the serpent roots of every patriarch tree; vines of every size and every shade of emerald encircled with their delicate tendrils the trees which they have been taught to love, and when the lightning chanced to make a breach in the continuous woods, there vines ventured boldly into the sunshine, and linked together the adjacent masses of foliage; and everywhere were the rank and damp, but frequent mosses, cling-



ing to the upright trees, and battenning upon those which were fallen and going to decay, and covering as with a mantle every rock and stony fragment within their reach. And there, too, were the streams which watered this great forest world, sometimes a mile in width, and sometimes thousands of miles in length, and sometimes of such limited dimensions as only to afford bathing places for the wild fowl and her brood. But they were all beautiful, for their waters were translucent to a degree that we seldom witness in these days, and their chief enjoyment was to mirror the flowers and drooping boughs that fringed their borders, as well as the skies which bent over the land, which was then a land of uninterrupted peace. And throughout the length and breadth of this sylvan domain was perpetually heard the singing of unnumbered birds, which built their nests wherever they listed, while none were there, for the most part, to molest or make them afraid. Of four-footed creatures, too, the primeval forests gave birth to, and securely harbored immense numbers. Like the forest trees themselves, they flourished and multiplied, and with them, with the birds, the streams, the flowers, and the combined magnificence of nature, they performed their secret ministry of good for the benefit of the Red man, who had inherited this matchless wilderness directly from the all wise Creator himself.

And what were the figures which naturally

made their appearance in the picture we have drawn? The smoke from Indian wigwams arose from unnumbered valleys and the sides of unnumbered mountains, and as the products of the forest were more than sufficient to gratify every necessity, the aborigines had nothing to do but pursue the even tenor of their lives in contentment and peace. For shelter, when the forests themselves did not suffice, they resorted to their rude bark wigwams; for food, to the simple arts of the chase, and the fruits of the land; for clothing, to the skins of captured animals; for religion, to the Great Spirit whom they beheld in the elements, the heavens, and the revolving seasons; and for unalloyed happiness, to the Spirit of Freedom, which canopied their forest home. But alas! like the aborigines the glorious forests are rapidly passing away, withering year by year from off the face of the earth; and while we would implore the devotees of Mammon to spare as much as possible the beauties of our forest land, we would repeat the appeal to Providence of our forest-loving Bryant, when he says that for many years to come

"Be it ours to meditate  
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,  
And to the beautiful order of thy works  
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

CHARLES LANMAN.

Washington, D. C.

#### AMERICAN EVERY-DAY COMMERCE.—NO. V.

##### STEAMBOATS. NO. II.

THAT steamboat accidents are more common in the United States than in any other part of the world, is unfortunately but too well known. Several reasons may be adduced why this is necessarily the case. Our steamboats very far exceed in number those of any other country, and the navigation of most of our rivers is dangerous in the extreme. The frequency of explosions upon our Western boats is owing in a great measure to their employing high pressure boilers and engines. Steam is generated with great rapidity by this mode, yet as long as the boat is in motion all is safe, but let a boat under a full head stop suddenly and there is always a danger of explosion; go much so indeed, that old stagers will generally be seen hurrying to the stern as soon as the engineer's bell is heard to command "stop her." These high-pressure

boilers are long cylinders, resembling the huge smoke-pipes of an ocean steamer—except that the former are placed horizontally and the latter perpendicularly. Through them runs the flue, and if at any time the boat has enough "list" to cause the water to run from the outside boilers into the others—thus leaving the steam in contact with the red-hot flue—an instantaneous explosion is almost inevitable. The steam in this case is resolved into a combination of oxygen and hydrogen gases—and about as effective an agent of destruction as gunpowder. With regard to the frequent losses of boats by fire, these are too often the result of the manner in which they are built and freighted. The cabin is entirely above the deck, built of the lightest material, and always as dry as tinder, from the constant heat beneath. It only wants a full load of



cotton to complete the danger. When a boat is fully freighted with this article she appears like a moving mass of cotton bales, no part of her hull being visible except the paddle-boxes.

Around the bows and upon the guards the bales are piled as high as the "hurricane deck." They almost touch the boilers, which are exposed and unprotected upon the forward deck, and generally surrounded by huge piles of wood, not unfrequently in absolute contact with them. A tier of cotton often adorns the hurricane deck itself, and needs but a spark from the smoke-pipe to convert the boat into a fiery furnace, from which the chance of escape is small indeed.

Travellers descending the Mississippi avoid these boats thus laden with cotton, but no one taking passage at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, or St. Louis can tell what the situation of the boat will be before she arrives at New Orleans. The lower country boats, the Natchez and Vicksburg packets, and those that ply up and down the Arkansas, Red river, and the bayous during the latter part of autumn and the whole of the winter, all make their "down trip" loaded and overloaded with cotton, and the voyager must perforce submit to the danger and inconvenience attendant upon such a passage.

Accidents to Western boats seem to come in an epidemic form. For a month or two we hear of none, and then again every day's mail or rather telegraph will record some new calamity by fire, snags, or steam.

The list of boats destroyed and injured in 1850 I do not think is comparatively large, although when arrayed in figures it looks frightful enough. During the year there were fifty-three boats lost upon the Western waters and 107 serious accidents occurred, as follows:—

- 33 boats Sunk.
- 14 do. Burned.
- 6 do. Destroyed by Explosion.
- 64 do. Seriously Injured.

Over 700 persons lost their lives, and property to the amount of 1,500,000 dollars was sacrificed. During the summer of 1841 on the Mississippi between the mouth of the Ohio and St. Louis, thirty boats were snagged and sunk, in fact a great part of the then St. Louis fleet was lost. That this was the case can excite no wonder in the mind of any one who has sailed upon the Upper Mississippi in a time of very low water. The river, which at other times presents an appearance of majestic and solemn grandeur, as it rolls its grey waves through the immense and seemingly boundless forests that clothe its sides, then seems equally horrible and disgusting. The once majestic tide re-

treats into a thousand narrow and sinuous channels, leaving an enormous field of mud and sand literally bristling with the now apparent snags, for the traveller to feast his eyes upon. In every direction he will see wrecks of mired boats, and tremble lest the next hour may add his own to their number. One spot above Cairo is known—and justly—as the "Grave Yard;" and the bottom is paved with the bones of lost steamers.

It may appear singular, but the danger to be apprehended from explosion is much less than that from snagging or fire. A collapsed flue does its work instantaneously, and all is over, but a fire or the sinking of a boat gives the passengers time to see the danger; and then in place of adopting some proper mode of saving their lives, nine out of ten will from fear and want of presence of mind, jump overboard without anything to sustain them in the water, or more probably remain on the boat until too late to escape. The effect of fear upon some men is singular; often ludicrous. Two instances that occurred in my sight are exactly in point.

I was once descending the Mississippi River in the "Brian Boirhoime." The boat was new, and being intended for the Red River trade, had no regular pilots, as the price they demanded to make half a trip and then to be left at New Orleans without a boat, was so unreasonable that the captain determined to steer the boat himself with the assistance of a Red River pilot who was on board.

All went on very well until we turned the mouth of the Ohio, and the captain abandoned the wheel to the care of his assistant, with full directions how to run the boat for a few hours. It was a clear starlight night and we were ploughing our way down stream famously, under a full head of steam, when suddenly a tremendous jar threw nearly everybody and everything in cabin on their beam ends, and every one thought or said, "We have struck a snag!"

I am an old stager upon the river, and never enter a boat without fixing my eye upon something that can be used as a support in case I have to swim for it. As I ascended the Brian's cabin stairs, the first thing that I saw was a very snug washstand which was upon the guards and almost against the paddle-box. As soon as I could pick myself up I hastened to my washstand and there I remained until it was discovered that we had met with no more serious disaster than running full against a "bluff bar." A young man of perhaps twenty had previously attracted the attention of all the passengers, from his peculiarly Daniel Lambertish proportions. At the time that we struck

he was in a very sound sleep, but being aroused by the subsequent confusion, jumped up and dashed into the cabin in a paroxysm of fear. He looked around him one moment and ran out at top speed upon the boiler deck, then turning around upon the guards rushed past me and ran up the paddle-box to get upon the hurricane deck. From the latter a short pipe carried down the water into the wheel-house. This was painted white and seemed to the terrified sight of my fat friend a sturdy pillar, and just the thing to help his descent. As he seized it his feet slipped, the pipe gave way, and down he rolled, pipe in hand, struck on the guards, rolled over once more, which last turn brought him to the cabin stairs, down these he plunged, struck a fender that happened to hang up at their foot, and landed directly underneath the boiler. The deckhands seized him and drew him from his warm berth, but the moment he was on his feet he made an attempt to jump overboard. When he was brought up into the cabin he presented a very odd appearance, covered with dirt, and yet grasping very tightly his infirm but constant friend, the pipe.

The other case was that of a man upon the small steamer "Mechanic." The boat was making her way slowly up against a very strong current, and when opposite Plaquemine she struck a large log that gave her a pretty severe jar.

It was about midnight, and the man—a Texan recruit—had spread his blanket upon the hurricane deck near the pilot-house, and was fast asleep. The moment the boat struck up he jumped, and without stopping to ask any questions, ran the full length of the deck and jumped overboard. Being a very good swimmer he was saved, although such good fortune would have befallen but few. The old river men have a saying, that "the Mississippi never lets go of a man who has clothes on," and it is generally true.

Among the most serious accidents that have happened to American boats, were the destruction of the "Ben Sherrod" by fire, nearly two hundred passengers lost; the "Erie" upon the Western Lakes, by fire, two hundred and twenty lives lost; the "Lexington" upon Long Island Sound, by fire, one hundred and forty-one lives lost; and the "Moselle" on the Ohio, by explosion, loss of life very large, but as the boat had only just left the wharf no accurate estimate could be made.

The "Ben Sherrod" was one of the finest and fastest boats upon the river, and at the time that the accident occurred, she was racing with the Prairie. Officers, crew, and pas-

sengers had become very much excited with the race, and some of the latter plied the firemen with liquor, until they were all drunk. The woodpile near the boilers had taken fire three times before, from the intense heat of the furnaces, but reckless and intoxicated as the men were, they cared for nothing but to win the race. The fire broke out the fourth time among the wood, and spread with fearful rapidity. The pilot-house was almost immediately enveloped in flames; the tiller rope burned, and the boat, under its immense pressure of steam, hurried through the water with fearful velocity, uncontrolled, and uncontrollable by mortal hand. This occurred at Old River, where the Mississippi is six miles in width, and although the Prairie and two other boats were near at hand, the assistance that they could render was necessarily but small. To add to the panic and confusion among the passengers, it was announced that there were two hundred kegs of powder on board. Some twenty-five persons only were saved.

With the terrible loss of the Erie most of my readers are familiar, and also with that of the Lexington.

The latter boat, when on her passage from New York to Stonington, took fire at 7½ P.M., opposite Eaton's Neck, on Long Island. She had on board one hundred and ten passengers, and a crew of thirty-five, all of whom, save four, were lost. It was the 13th January, 1840, that this occurred, and the weather was of unusual severity. One of the survivors, Captain Chester Hilliard, now commands the ship St. Charles. He was returning to his family from a prosperous voyage, and was saved after he had floated about on the Sound for thirteen hours, supported by a bale of cotton.\*

The "Moselle" was an entirely new boat, and had been built with a view to the attaining great speed. Before she left the wharf at Cincinnati, the steam was at a fearful height. She ran a short distance up the river, and then turned her course down stream.

Passengers crowded her guards, handkerchiefs were waving, and a band on board playing an inspiring air; when, just as she was opposite the landing, the bell rang, the engine stopped, and she blew up in an instant. Occurring as this did, in such a moment, and in full sight of the friends and relatives of the lost, it is perhaps the most fearful of

\* Captain Hilliard, while floating near the wreck, wound up his watch, and timed the sinking of the boat—his only light being the last flash of the flames ere they submitted to the more potent element. The present mate of the steamboat Massachusetts was also saved, after being exposed for forty-eight hours to the waves and the piercing cold.



all Western steamboat accidents. The loss of life was frightful.

It is to be regretted that we have no perfect record of the various calamities that have befallen our steamboats, from the time of Fulton. With regard to the Western disasters, although some imperfect returns have been made, yet so generally incorrect have they been, that no reliable deductions can be drawn from them; at least, from the accidents of the last twenty years. Previous to that time the comparative paucity of the boats, and the greater attention that a serious accident excited, have given data upon which some dependence can be placed, and the results are sufficiently curious, if not of essential importance.

Although the comparative loss of life upon our Western has been far greater than that on our Eastern waters, yet some statistics connected with the latter may be of service, since we can obtain no other. The following table applies to steamers from the port of New York:

For 5 years ending with	Miles travelled.	Passengers carried.	Loss of life	One life lost in	Number of accidents.	Average pressure of steam.	Number of miles travelled to each explosion.
1824	2,827,750	4,796,000	18	126,211	12	7	235,646
1833	4,262,000	9,419,700	62	151,931	14	14	843,240
1834	5,467,450	15,896,300	81	1,985,787	18	18	1,233,725

From a reliable source I am enabled to make up the following table of explosions that have occurred in the United States previous to 1831:—

#### SOUTHERN AND WESTERN BOATS.

Names.	High pressure.	Low pressure.	Killed.	Injured.
Cotton Plant.....	*	*	*	*
Washington.....	1		7	9
Constitution.....	1		13	*
General Robinson.....	1		9	*
Yankee.....	1		4	*
Herriot.....	1		1	*
Enterprise.....		1	9	4
Alabama.....		1	4	*
Feliciana.....		1	2	*
Arkansas.....		1	4	*
Maid of Orleans.....		1	6	*
Teche.....		1	*	*
Grampus.....	1		*	*
Helen McGregor.....	1		33	14
Caledonia.....	1		11	11
Car of Commerce.....	1		28	29
Huntress.....	1		*	*
Fair Star.....	1		2	*
Porpoise.....	1		*	*
Ramapo (January, 1816)....		1	5	2
Ramapo (March, 1826)....		1	1	1
Macon.....	*	*	4	*
Hornet.....		1	2	2
Union.....	1		4	7
Tally Ho.....	1		*	*
Kenhawa.....		1	8	4
Atlas.....	*	*	1	*
Andrew Jackson.....	*	*	2	*
Tri-Color.....		1	8	8
	14	11	168	91

\* Unknown.

#### NORTHERN AND EASTERN BOATS.

Names.	High pressure.	Low pressure.	Killed.	Injured.
Etna*.....	1		13	†
Barnet.....	1		1	†
Paragon.....		1	1	†
Fidelity*.....		1	2	†
Patent*.....		1	5	2
Atalanta*.....		1	2	†
Bellona*.....		1	2	†
Raritan.....		1	1	†
Eagle.....		1	2	†
Bristol.....		1		†
Powhattan.....		1	2	†
Jersey.....		1	2	†
Constitution.....		1	3	†
Legislator*.....		1	5	2
Hudson.....		1	1	†
Oliver Ellsworth.....		1	3	†
Carolina*.....		1	1	†
C. J. Marshall.....		1	11	2
United States.....		1	9	†
General Jackson.....		1	12	13
	2	18	78	93

From the foregoing table we may at least arrive at the fact, that explosions of high pressure boilers are far more dangerous than those of low pressure.

#### THE KANGAROO.

From the German of Apollonius von Maltitz.

WHEN God created the Kangaroo  
(A creature no poet hath sung once),  
He gave him a pouch and added thereto:  
"The bag is for thy young ones."  
But scarce had the animal gone three paces,  
When, shrugging his shoulders and making up  
faces,  
He said: (these beasts cut the strangest capers!)  
"The wallet is just the thing for my papers."  
Forthwith all domestic bliss he renounces,  
And into politics he pounces,  
No manuscript so stale and musty,  
But into his wallet straightway thrust he,  
Wherever men gathered rebellion to brew,  
You were sure to find the Kangaroo,  
He carried with him where'er he might go,  
A Radical-portfolio,  
And all might see who were not half-witted,  
That the creature must soon be compromitted.

The warning proved no empty bubble,  
The Kangaroo soon fell into trouble,  
The Kangaroo fell under suspicion,  
Was taken up on charge of sedition,  
His pile of papers did so impede him,  
They ordered two stout men to lead him,  
The bag was sealed in a mighty flurry,  
The trial they did not exactly hurry.—

He sits in jail now and pines away,  
In fear of being hung once,  
Friends, let your papers alone, I pray  
And think about your young ones.

C. T. B.

\* Exploded in New York Harbor.  
† Unknown.



## WARE'S EUROPEAN CAPITALS.

AFTER recent muddlings of our tongue by Howadjis and Hurrygraphists in over anxious search for novelty of expression, it is a happy thing to be able to return to the "pure well of English undefiled," as we do in the volume before us. Its first characteristic is this of style. We seem to see the objects presented in a purely transparent medium. There is also a straightforward pursuit of the subject in hand; a desire to put the reader pleasantly in possession of a certain number of facts in a reasonably short period, combined with an impartiality and fairness not often met with.

Mr. Ware commences his series of European capitals with Rome and ends with London. His aim is to represent each as they now appear to the traveller, and to the traveller as he views them on the spot, not in the golden haze of retrospect and distance. It is in this spirit that he gives us this truthful picture of the

## RUINS OF ROME.

"With the single exception of the Colosseum and its immediate neighborhood, the traveller does not find what his imagination had led him to expect as the chief pleasure in visiting Rome—a profusion, namely, of the ruins of the old city, everywhere scattered about within the walls and in the suburbs, and everywhere easily accessible. The neighborhood of the Colosseum and the Forum is the only spot in Rome where ruin makes the predominant impression—where you would believe yourself to be in Ancient Rome. If at home you should turn over the massive pages of Piranesi, or any other volume descriptive of the ruins of Rome, you would suppose that if then you should visit the realities you had before contemplated in engravings, you would be able to see them in as free and unobstructed a manner as you had before in turning over the leaves of the illustrated volumes. But great would be your mistake. What is so visible in the book at home, is invisible when abroad among the objects themselves. It might have been a childish thought that a wild and impressive scene of devastation would everywhere meet the eye, and that to wander at large among the outskirts of the modern town, would be an obvious and easy method of obtaining at once instruction and delight in the classic and antiquarian field. But, with the single exception of the Colosseum and its immediate environs, there is no such scene—no such objects are to be met with. Nothing stands abroad and open to the sight. From the centre all round to the walls, all is either modern structure, or, where the houses

end, in their place lofty brick walls begin; and your search after ruins ends, whichever way you turn, in a wearisome tour between everlasting brick walls from six to ten feet high,—those impenetrable walls for your prospect on either side, and the sky, with now and then a tree-top, overhead. If on your road there are the remains of baths, temples, palaces, or other curious remnants of the ancient capital, they are not to be seen in that manner. If seen at all, it can only be by application by stone or bell to some well secured gate of villa, farm, or convent; and after rousing thereby some custode or sonnet monk from his labors or his slumbers. All such objects are now private property within the grounds of rich landholders, or public institutions, and are to be seen—which certainly is fair enough—only by the payment of a fee. My first walk in Rome was a long one of three or four miles, in a fruitless search after the ruins of Rome, but found nothing, save the modern streets, and the garden and convent walls, with the sky above. This, the traveller will say, is all wrong. There should be no private owning of the ruins of Rome, any more than mines of gold. They should be left the common possession of mankind."

A similarly truthful expression is given to the general effect of a large city in the heyday of its life and activity on the mind of the beholder in this glimpse of London to the mind's eye. No one who has visited the mighty city can fail to be as much struck with this mental daguerreotype of his impressions as with the more material one we have just given of its ancient predecessor:

## LONDON TOTALITY.

"But it would never do to attempt to describe London in any detail. There is but little in it, moreover, that would bear hearing described, after one has obtained a general idea of the city as a whole. It is surprising what a feeling of indifference about individual objects of curiosity you experience there. With most other cities it is the parts, the particular objects, which excite the chief interest; ruins, churches, palaces, museums, galleries, and the like. In London all such things become subordinate. In London you are satisfied with LONDON. You care little about St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Parliament Houses, or any other fragment of the great whole. You would rather walk up and down Piccadilly or Regent Street and see the life there, than get by heart the whole of the British Museum. You prefer the crowds in Fleet Street and the Strand, to seeing the Tower, the Crown jewels, the Knights on horseback, and the Stairs down which Lady Jane Gray

went to execution. The very thing is the crowd, the jam, the *melée*—to miss that would be the great loss. The multitudes abroad are a better comedy or tragedy, according to the frame of mind of the observer, or the street he may happen to be in, whether Regent Street, or Wapping, or Rag Fair, than any he will be likely to witness at the Adelphi, or the Haymarket, Drury Lane, or Covent Garden. And the heavy rumble of innumerable vehicles along innumerable streets gives out a grander sound than the music of Exeter Hall or the Opera House. These are the objects, the sights and sounds which excite, engross, astonish you in London. You are witnessing a flow of human life which there is nothing resembling anywhere else, and which is a greater thing to witness than all objects of still life whatsoever. It is not a stream or flow of life as we use these figures, but a torrent roaring along with all the tumult and rage of Niagara."

Mr. Ware carries the same clearness into details which he bestows on general effects. His art criticisms are of course numerous, generally discriminating, and always independent. He will find many besides ourselves, we trust, to differ with him in his preference of the Dying Gladiator and the Venus to the Apollo,—and his remark that the semicircular colonnades on each side of the façade of St. Peter's are "in their purpose and design, especially in their connexion with, and in their relation to, the church itself, an absurd and ugly excrescence." These colonnades are to be regarded rather as a framework to the open space in front of the church than an appendage to the building itself, and the eye certainly rests with greater pleasure on their circular sweep than it would on rows of petty buildings, lines of dead walls, or even of rich columns or palatial façades.

"There is," says Mr. Ware, "a dignity and grandeur in straight parallel lines in architecture, which are lost in winding, twisted, circular forms. Suppose these colonnades, instead of being semicircular, were spiral! It would be a laughable absurdity at once. But the spiral would only be doubling the present absurdity." Mr. Ware has an undoubted right to prefer straight to circular forms in Architecture, and for general use they are undoubtedly preferable, but he makes a strange mistake in talking in the same way of circular that he does of "winding and twisted" forms. The circular form is an admitted one in all orders of Architecture. It gives its character to one of the noblest classes of buildings, whether viewed in its exterior or interior aspect. We mean the Rotunda and the Dome. Would Mr. Ware put corners to the Temple of Vesta, would he "square the

circle" of the Pantheon, make a parallelogram of the Coliseum, or flatten the dome of St. Peter's? No, surely, for he speaks of these edifices with the veneration which they deserve. We may agree with him that if the colonnades of St. Peter's were spiral instead of circular they would be absurd, but we cannot see that it would be "doubling the present absurdity," there being no natural sequence from one to the other any more than to say that a man with an ugly mouth would be still uglier if he had two.

The remarks on Michael Angelo and the preference of his Prophets and Sybils over his productions in architecture and painting (the credit of designing St. Peter's being given to Bramante), and the praise of Guercino's *Ecce Homo*, are much more to the purpose than those on which we have commented.

In his remarks on national traits of character the author shows nice discrimination. We are glad to see the charge of love of money so indiscriminately attached by English travellers on our countrymen, fastened with greater truth on their own nation:—

#### LOVE OF MONEY.

"To any American traveller through England, it must be quite observable how commerce and the love of money, stocks and trade, all throughout England, override letters, art, nobility—everything, in a word, but law. England is still comparatively free and law-abiding. But once England was known abroad rather by her great names in literature and science—Bacon, Locke, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Davy were the names first suggested. Now they are of quite another character; Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, are to-day words of a more powerful spell. Cottons and cutlery, carpets and coats, woollens and worsted, now reign paramount. The chimneys of innumerable engines belching smoke like volcanoes, now spread darkness over the land. Foreign fleets from both worlds crowd the docks of London and Liverpool, bearing along with them countless throngs of partners, traders, agents, clerks, from all the known regions of the earth, to drive their bargains with the modern lords of the soil, no longer the secluded occupants of distant country-seats, long descended from illustrious ancestors, inaccessible save to a sacred few, but installed behind London counters, or within remoter counting-rooms; attended, not by foot-pages and liveried servants innumerable as once, but, instead, besieged by armies of clerks, agents, runners, and *drummers*, all equally intent upon the service of the modern chivalry, money making. The London man of business is now the true earl, baron, duke of the empire. The lust of wealth has seized all hearts, and enslaved them and bound them in chains stronger even—



though so different—than those which bound the old lords of the soil in the days of Charles the Second. This modern chivalry is an improvement upon the old point of morals, but would not, I fear, be thought so genteel. The Lovelaces would probably be considered a more gentlemanly breed in the calendar where such things are graduated, than the brewer, the grocer, the cotton-spinner, the ironmonger, who now reign in the ascendant. But the world will generally agree to bestow honor and reverence where the power is, and in 1850 money is power. Money is, in England, Kings, Lords, and Commons. Money is the real nobility. Bankers are the true ministry, and determine questions of peace and war, and make the treaties. The Rothschilds, though they cannot get into Parliament, rule with equal despotism on the outside. The England of the nineteenth century is but one vast counting-house. The slur of Napoleon is truer now than when first uttered, that England is a nation of shopkeepers.

"This is, of course, what we are, also, to a very considerable extent. Agriculture, however, as yet, bears away the palm, and will for some time to come. We are still farmers, much more than traders. But though we, as well as they, were all shopkeepers, it must surely be considered as following a more Christian, as a more reputable business, than pleasure and idleness, though England is yet so far in darkness as not to think so, and to feel a little ashamed of her modern destiny; and fond as her children are of money, and of all it brings, they would almost be ready to abandon it, with all its power, for a very little rank. They glory in their wealth, but have no sooner made it than they, without a moment's hesitation, would surrender it all for a prefix of Lord or Sir to the name."

The sight of women laboring in the open fields is one which usually excites the indignation of British as well as American travellers, the former apparently forgetting the females staggering under heavy loads who form so ordinary a sight in the poorer streets of Edinburgh or Glasgow. Mr. Ware does not approve the matter, but finds a picturesque and healthful side in it, which is as much a part of the truth as the dark one which has almost always hitherto been presented:—

#### WOOD BEARERS AND GRAPE BEARERS.

"The out-door life of this people, both in respect to labor and amusements, is agreeable and graceful. In the country, the labor done by women is in some particulars coarse, hard, and to our ideas revolting, being that, we think, which should be performed exclusively by men. They are sometimes seen laboring in the fields with the implements used by men. And very often you pass them on the roads with burdens borne upon the head which we should think

heavy enough for a horse or a mule. Descending one day from the Convent of Vallombrosa, about twenty miles from Florence, I was overtaken by a troop of country girls, all in the highest spirits, each of whom bore upon her head a large bundle of wood, as large as could be bound upon a jackass. They were girls of not more than from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and were carrying these heavy loads from the forests, where they had collected the wood, to some neighboring village for sale. It was on a day in August, as hot as our hottest summer weather. It seemed too severe a service for their age and sex, and as if it could scarcely fail to bring on premature old age. Under such circumstances, the bearing of such burdens was altogether painful to witness. Under others slightly different, and the painful would disappear and lose itself in the picturesqueness of the scene. Let the same troop of girls be seen at the time of the vintage, each bearing a loaded basket of white and purple grapes to market, the full bunches of the ripe fruit with the leaves hanging down over the basket so as to reach the shoulders—with their pretty head-dress, bodice and gown of some strong color, scarlet, white, or blue, or green, with their upright form and elastic step, reminding one so of the ancient Greek Canephore in the old Greek sculpture—and the beauty of the sight might make one forget the hardship to which the life often exposes them. Other labors seem lighter, but I do not know that they would be more healthful or agreeable than this out-door, and apparently more severe occupation. Throughout Tuscany the girls and women devote themselves exclusively, almost, to the plaiting of the beautiful Tuscan straw, of which are made the elegant and costly bonnets, which are everywhere sought at such prices. No cottage door can be passed where the inmates will not be seen weaving this delicate braid. They in Italy who weave this Tuscan braid are the same who in America would achieve their independence at the cotton mills of Lowell, Manchester, and Waltham. There, as here, industry is a national trait, notwithstanding the softness and luxury of the climate; and there, as here, claims and receives with unvarying certainty its large reward—with this difference, that the young Italian girl cannot so soon boast the independence which she has secured by the labor of her own hands. The wages at straw braiding are about forty cents a day."

In the course of his remarks on English cleanliness, Mr. Ware goes somewhat out of his way to notice a disgusting habit prevalent among a great many people in this country, but not quite the national sin he seems disposed to make it out. We wish he had omitted the pages entirely; they excite the same disgust among the beautiful and elevated topics of his book as a saliva spot left on a rich carpet at the feet of his lady love by a Western swain as a tender souvenir of his



visit. Mr. Ware, however, says he is disgusting and means to be. He sacrifices his taste to what he conceives to be his duty. His philippic is so severe that we readily imagine that the floor of his lecture room exhibited a less abundant crop of quids after he had concluded than on ordinary occasions:—

#### AN AMERICAN HABIT.

"One trait more, though with the risk of disgusting some and offending more—though I will hope not. An Englishman, I believe, rarely chews, and, compared with the American, rarely smokes; but whether he does not secretly practise both these abominations I am not prepared to say. But with both these provocatives, if it be so, one thing he never does, is, to spit. That fact draws a line of demarcation between the Englishman and the American, broader and deeper a thousandfold than any other, in politics, government, laws, language, religion. *The Englishman never spits.* Or if he does, he first goes home, shuts himself up in his room, locks his door, argues the necessity of the case; if necessary, performs the disagreeable duty, and returns to society with a clear conscience. The American spits always, and everywhere; sometimes when it is necessary; always, when it is not. It is his occupation, his pastime, his business. Many do nothing else all their lives; and always indulge in that singular recreation when they *have* nothing else to do. Sometimes in a state of momentary forgetfulness he intermits; but then, as if he had neglected a sworn duty, returns to it again with conscience-smitten vigor. He spits at home and abroad, by night and by day, awake and asleep, in company and in solitude, for his own amusement and the edification of a spitting community. On the freshly painted or scoured floor, on the clean deck of a ship or steamboat, on parlor floors, covered whether with ingrained, Brussels, Wilton, or Turkey, even there he voids his rheum; upon the unabsorbent canvas, so that one may see, where numbers congregate, the railroad cars to run in more ways than one. The pulpits and pews of churches are not safe. The foot pavement of the streets, the floors of all public places, of exchanges, hotels, of Congress halls, are foul with it; and in railroad cars it must always be necessary for a lady to shorten her garments, as if about to walk in the deep mud of the street, or the snow and water of spring, if she would escape defilement to either her dress or her slippers. As the power of direction of these human missiles is by no means unerring, notwithstanding so much practice, one's own person, and all parts of his person, are exposed to the random shots of this universal foe of American civilized life; and often he finds on different parts of his dress proofs abundant of the company he has kept. The only single spot absolutely secure is a man's face; and that would not be, were it not for the fear of a duel.

"That there is not the shadow of exaggeration in this description, coarse as it is, and coarse as it has been my intention to make it, all Americans, and all travellers who have ever been within an American hotel, steamboat, or rail-car—all will testify. And the result of it all is, I suppose, that we are the freest and most enlightened people on the face of the earth! But for one, republican as I am in principle, I think, on the whole, I would prefer the despotism of Austria, Russia, or Rome, to the freedom, if I must take with it the spit, of America. It is vice enough to tempt one to forswear home, country, kindred, friends, religion. It is ample cause for breaking acquaintance, friendship, for a divorce. In a word, it is our grand national distinction, if we did but know it. There are certainly parts of the country comparatively, but only comparatively, free from this vice. Here at the north there is much less than at the west and the south, though here enough of it to disgust one with his race. In proportion as general refinement prevails, the custom abates. At the south, no carpets, no rooms, no presence affords protection.\* Here, in the best rooms, the best society, there is partial exemption; though not often enough from the presence of that ingenious, fearful patent, the brazen, china, or earthen *box*.

"Would that my country could be induced to pause in this wonderful career! Pity some public effort could not be made by way of general convention, or otherwise, for the abatement of this national mischief—certainly as worthy of attention as very many of our political and moral reforms. The advice of the London surgeon, Abernethy, to an American sea-captain, was at any rate useful to us all, and pregnant with good medical philosophy. 'Keep your saliva in your mouth to help digest your food with,' said he, 'and not spit it all over my carpet.' Very wholesome counsel. And, seriously, who can say how much the pallid face, the proverbial indigestion of our country, even consumption itself, may not be owing to this constant drain which deprives the stomach of a secretion which nature provided for the most important purposes in the manufacture of the blood, and which she certainly did not provide to be wasted and thrown about in the manner of the Anglo-American."†

\* Let six such Americans meet round a stove, in a bar-room, or parlor, or hotel drawing room, of a morning—of the six, four will spit before speaking a word; one will bid good morning first, and spit afterwards; the sixth will make a remark somewhat at length upon the weather, and, by way of compensation for extraordinary retention, spit twice or thrice.

† It seems to be quite within the power of railroad directors, captains of steamboats, keepers of taverns, hotels, boarding and eating houses, &c., to do something to check, at least, the vile practice. The difficulty, however, one must suppose, would be, that they themselves are too often in the same condemnation. But it must be worth considering on economical grounds, whether it were not deserving of a serious effort to break up a habit that costs the labor and wages of many servants daily, in any considerable establishment, to make apartments decent or habitable after the passage of a

In reading these pages we thought the case stated too strongly until we suddenly remembered having only the last Sunday before seen the immaculate floor of the Shaker house of worship at Lebanon defiled in this manner. What a scrubbing must have ensued on the following Monday. Common humanity, one would have thought, should have taught the offending brute to compassionate the hard-worked fingers of the blanched sisterhood.

There is too much *laissez aller* as regards these offenders. They should be regarded and treated like tender infants of imperfect reticence in other respects and taught to keep out of the way accordingly.

A great deal of information about London will be found in Mr. Ware's sketch on London, and a careful summing up of the present feelings of Americans towards Englishmen. We will make room, as we wish, like the author, to wind up in a good humor, only for the genial side of the picture with which the volume closes:—

#### HONOR TO ENGLAND.

"But as I began with words of praise, let us end with the same. We will not leave the theme in ill humor with either ourselves or the people about whom we have been thinking. To be sure, they are not a faultless people. They are a people of more glaring faults than probably any other—more obvious and more disagreeable—a people, even where the good predominates in substantial qualities, rarely to one's taste. Dr. Johnson may stand well enough for an impersonation of the race; rough, harsh, rude, unmannerly, overbearing, proud, surly, insolent, and shy; but then placable, sternly upright, nicely honorable, virtuous, and religious (with a dash of cant), bold, fearless, above all, manly; with a heart soft as a

single day, owing to this single filthy practice. They may well consider, too, whether their guests have any more right to spit about apartments and on floors, than they have to throw upon them a shovel full or borrow load of any other kind of ordure. It is certainly an advantage to three of our cities that the Cochituate, the Croton, and the Schuylkill run through them. If branches of them could in any way be turned through our railroad cars daily, it would be an indescribable benefit to the companies concerned, and the community generally.

woman's when reached, but not easily reached; taking apparent pleasure in offering affronts, slights, almost insults, yet ending capriciously in kind words, and often kinder deeds; like all great men and nations, I believe, taking a sort of pride in inconsistency, contradictions, caprice; and if this sketch of the English character is itself marked by inconsistencies, it is only the more sure to be in keeping with the subject. Still, if we might be permitted to do so, we would gladly chime in with the poet's burden,

"England, with all thy faults, we love thee still."

At least, if we do not, and may not love, we cannot but honor. All honor, on the whole, to such a people. Honor to the stubborn stuff of which the rough-coated Englishman is made. No flaccid muscle there; all bone, iron muscle, tough sinew. All honor to the unflinching spirit of a people that have preserved and handed down to after times the liberties, civil and religious, which they first secured, but have been sorely tempted through so many ages, by wealth, by power, by flattery, by bribery, to abandon and betray. Honor to the heroes of Magna Charta; and to the people, their true descendants, whose pertinacity for the right afterwards withstood the wheedling, falsehoods, sophistries, of the polite but dangerous Charles—and to the sturdy champions, who, at a later hour, drove from the throne and from the shores of England the second James, tyrant, liar, Catholic, and fool; and then, by one and the same act, secured for ever the Protestant succession and the constitutional liberties of the kingdom. All honor to such a people. And although they do not like, or love, nor care for much, any way, America, and we, for many reasons, like her as little; yet I am sure, there is a strong disposition here—in spite of such language—which there is not there, to be friends, to do all in our power towards establishing and perpetuating friendship with a nation whom in our hearts we so highly venerate. And as for England, we will only hope, that, as in the case of an individual when he reaches old age he is apt to grow more mild and gentle, more loving and so more lovable, so it may be with her, as her age increases upon her; and that we, at present far removed from the regard we once entertained, shall be able to return ere long to a sincere and hearty re-adoption of the kindly sentiment that universally prevailed in the days of our political youth."

## THE WILDERNESS AND ITS TENANTS.

[A SKETCH from an opening chapter of the forthcoming work by FRANCIS PARKMAN, Jr., the "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies after the Conquest of Canada."]

And now, before launching into the story of that sanguinary war, which forms our proper and immediate theme, it will be well to survey the grand arena of the strife, the goodly heritage which the wretched tribes of the forest struggled to retrieve from the hands of the spoiler.

One vast, continuous forest shadowed the fertile soil, covering the land as the grass covers a garden lawn, sweeping over hill and hollow in endless undulation, burying mountains in verdure, and mantling brooks and rivers from the light of day. Green intervals dotted with browsing deer, and broad plains blackened with buffalo, broke the sameness of the woodland scenery. Unnumbered rivers seamed the forest with their devious windings. Vast lakes washed its boundaries, where the Indian voyager, in his birch canoe, could desery no land beyond the world of waters. Yet this prolific wilderness, teeming with waste fertility, was but a hunting-ground and a battle-field to a few fierce hordes of savages. Here and there, in some rich meadow opened to the sun, the Indian squaws turned the black mould with their rude implements of bone or iron, and sowed their scanty stores of maize and beans. Human labor drew no other tribute from that inexhaustible soil.

So thin and scattered was the native population, that even in those parts which were thought well peopled, one might sometimes journey for days together through the twilight forest, and meet no human form. Broad tracts were left in solitude. All Kentucky was a vacant waste, a mere skirmishing ground for the hostile war-parties of the north and south. A great part of Upper Canada, of Michigan, and of Illinois, besides other portions of the west, were tenanted by wild beasts alone. To form a close estimate of the numbers of the erratic bands who roamed this wilderness would be a vain attempt; but it may be affirmed that between the Mississippi on the west and the ocean on the east, between the Ohio on the south and Lake Superior on the north, the whole Indian population, at the close of the French war, did not greatly exceed ten thou-

sand fighting men. Of these, following the statement of Sir William Johnson, in 1763, the Iroquois had nineteen hundred and fifty, the Delawares about six hundred, the Shawanoes about three hundred, the Wyandots about four hundred and fifty, and the Miami tribes, with their neighbors the Kickapoos, eight hundred; while the Ottawas, the Ojibwas, and other wandering tribes of the north, defy all efforts at enumeration.

A close survey of the condition of the tribes at this period will detect some signs of improvement, but many more of degeneracy and decay. To commence with the Iroquois, for to them with justice the priority belongs: Onondaga, the ancient capital of their confederacy, where their council-fire had burned from immemorial time, was now no longer what it had been in the days of its greatness, when Count Frontenac had mustered all Canada to assail it. The thickly-clustered dwellings, with their triple rows of palisades, had vanished. A little stream, twisting along the valley, choked up with logs and driftwood, and half hidden by woods and thickets, some forty houses of bark, scattered along its banks, amid rank grass, neglected clumps of bushes, and ragged patches of corn and peas,—such was Onondaga when Bartram saw it, and such, no doubt, it remained at the time of which I write. Conspicuous among the other structures, and distinguished only by its superior size, stood the great council-house, whose bark walls had often sheltered the congregated wisdom of the confederacy, and heard the highest efforts of forest eloquence. The other villages of the Iroquois resembled Onondaga; for though several were of larger size, yet none retained those defensive stockades which had once protected them. From their European neighbors the Iroquois had borrowed many appliances of comfort and subsistence. Horses, swine, and in some instances cattle, were to be found among them. Guns and gunpowder aided them in the chase. Knives, hatchets, kettles, and hoes of iron had supplanted their rude household utensils and implements of tillage; but with all this, English whiskey had more than cancelled every benefit which English civilization had conferred.

High up the Susquehanna were seated Nanticokes, Conoys, and Mohicans, with a portion of the Delawares. Detached bands of the western Iroquois dwelt upon the



head waters of the Alleghany, mingled with their neighbors, the Delawares, who had several villages upon this stream. The great body of the latter nation, however, lived upon the Beaver Creeks and the Muskingum, in numerous scattered towns and hamlets, whose barbarous names it is useless to record. Squalid log cabins and conical wigwams of bark were clustered at random, or ranged to form rude streets and squares. Starveling horses grazed on the neighboring meadows; girls and children bathed and laughed in the adjacent river; warriors smoked their pipes in haughty indolence; squaws labored in the cornfields, or brought fagots from the forest, and shrivelled hags screamed from lodge to lodge. In each village one large building stood prominent among the rest, devoted to purposes of public meeting, dances, festivals, and the entertainment of strangers. Thither the traveller would be conducted, seated on a bearskin, and plentifully regaled with hominy and venison.

The Shawanoes had fixed their abode upon the Scioto and its branches. Farther towards the west, on the waters of the Wabash and the Maumee, dwelt the Miamis, who, less exposed, from their position, to the poison of the whiskey keg, and the example of debauched traders, retained their ancient character and customs in greater purity than their eastern neighbors. This cannot be said of the Illinois, who dwelt near the borders of the Mississippi, and who, having lived for more than half a century in close contact with the French, had become a corrupt and degenerate race. The Wyandots of Sandusky and Detroit far surpassed the surrounding tribes in energy of character and social progress. Their log dwellings were strong and commodious, their agriculture was very considerable, their name stood high in war and policy, and by all the adjacent Indians they were regarded with deference. It is needless to pursue further this catalogue of tribes, since the position of each will appear hereafter as they advance in turn upon the stage of action.

The English settlements lay like a narrow strip between the wilderness and the sea, and, as the sea had its ports, so also the forest had its places of rendezvous and outfit. Of these, by far the most important in the northern provinces was the frontier city of Albany. From thence it was that traders, and soldiers, bound to the country of the Iroquois, or the more distant wilds of the interior, set out upon their arduous journey. Embarking in a bateau or a canoe, rowed by those hardy men who earned their livelihood in this service, the traveller would ascend

the Mohawk, passing the old Dutch town of Schenectady, the two seats of Sir William Johnson, Fort Hunter at the mouth of the Schoharie, and Fort Herkimer at the German Flats, until he reached Fort Stanwix at the head of the river navigation. Then crossing overland to Wood Creek, he would follow its tortuous course, overshadowed by the dense forest on its banks, until he arrived at the little fortification called the Royal Blockhouse, and the waters of the Oneida Lake spread before him. Crossing to its western extremity, and passing under the wooden ramparts of Fort Brewerton, he would descend the River Oswego to Oswego, on the banks of Lake Ontario. Here the vast navigation of the Great Lakes would be open before him, interrupted only by the difficult portage at the Cataract of Niagara.

The chief thoroughfare from the middle colonies to the Indian country was from Philadelphia westward, across the Alleghanies, to the valley of the Ohio. Peace was no sooner concluded with the hostile tribes, than the adventurous fur-traders, careless of risk to life and property, hastened over the mountains, each eager to be foremost in the wilderness market. Their merchandise was sometimes carried in wagons as far as the site of Fort du Quesne, which the English rebuilt after its capture, changing its name to Fort Bitt. From this point the goods were packed on the backs of horses, and thus distributed among the various Indian villages. More commonly, however, the whole journey was performed by means of trains, or, as they were called, brigades of packhorses, which, leaving the frontier settlements, climbed the shadowy heights of the Alleghanies, and threaded the forests of the Ohio, diving through thickets, and wading over streams. The men employed in this perilous calling were a rough, bold, and intractable class, often as fierce and truculent as the Indians themselves. A blanket coat, or a frock of smoked deer-skin, a rifle on the shoulder, and a knife and tomahawk in the belt, formed their ordinary equipment. The principal trader, the owner of the merchandise, would fix his head-quarters at some large Indian town, whence he would despatch his subordinates to the surrounding villages, with a suitable supply of blankets and red cloth, guns and hatchets, liquor, tobacco, paint, beads, and hawk's bells. This wild traffic was liable to every species of disorder; and it is not to be wondered at that, in a region where law was unknown, the jealousies of rival traders should become a fruitful source of broils, robberies, and murders.

In the backwoods, all land travelling was on foot or on horseback. It was no easy matter for a novice, embarrassed with his cumbrous gun, to urge his horse through the thick trunks and undergrowth, or even to ride at speed along the narrow Indian trails, where, at every yard, the impending branches switched him across the face. At night, the camp would be formed by the side of some rivulet or spring, and, if the traveller was skilful in the use of his rifle, a haunch of venison would often form his evening meal. If it rained, a shed of elm or bass wood bark was the ready work of an hour, a pile of evergreen boughs formed a bed, and the saddle or the knapsack a pillow. A party of Indian wayfarers would often be met journeying through the forest, a chief, or a warrior, perhaps, with his squaws and family. The Indians would usually make their camp in the neighborhood of the white men; and at meal time the warrior would seldom fail to seat himself by the traveller's fire, and gaze with solemn gravity at the viands before him. If, when the repast was over, a fragment of bread or a cup of coffee should be handed to him, he would receive these highly-prized rarities with a deep ejaculation of gratitude; for nothing is more remarkable in the character of this people than the union of inordinate pride and a generous love of glory with the mendicancy of a beggar or a child.

He who wished to visit the remoter tribes of the Mississippi valley—an attempt, however, which, until several years after the conquest of Canada, no Englishman could have made without great risk of losing his scalp—would find no easier course than to descend the Ohio in a canoe or bateau. He might float for more than eleven hundred miles down this liquid highway of the wilderness, and except the deserted cabins of Logstown, a little below Fort Pitt, the remnant of a Shawanoe village at the mouth of the Scioto, and an occasional hamlet or solitary wigwam along the luxuriant banks, he would discern no trace of human habitancy through all this vast extent. The body of the Indian population lay to the northward, about the waters of the tributary streams. It behoved the voyager to observe a sleepless caution and hawk-eyed vigilance. Sometimes his anxious scrutiny would detect a faint blue smoke stealing upwards above the green bosom of the forest, and betraying the encamping place of some lurking war-party. Then the canoe would be drawn in haste beneath the overhanging bushes which skirted the shore; nor would the voyage be resumed until darkness closed, when the little vessel would drift swiftly and safely past the point of danger.

Within the nominal limits of the Illinois Indians, and towards the southern extremity of the present State of Illinois, were those isolated Canadian settlements, which had subsisted here since the latter part of the previous century. Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Vincennes were the centres of this scattered population. From Vincennes one might paddle his canoe northwards up the Wabash, until he reached the little wooden fort of Ouatanon. Thence a path through the woods led to the banks of the Maumee. Two or three Canadians, or half breeds, of whom there were numbers about the fort, would carry the canoe on their shoulders, or, for a bottle of whiskey, a few Miami Indians might be bribed to undertake the task. On the Maumee, at the end of the path, stood Fort Miami, near the spot where Fort Wayne was afterwards built. From this point one might descend the Maumee to Lake Erie, and visit the neighboring fort of Sandusky, or, if he chose, steer through the Strait of Detroit, and explore the watery wastes of the northern lakes, finding occasional harborage at the little military posts which commanded their important points. Most of these western posts were transferred to the English, during the autumn of 1760; but the settlements of the Illinois remained several years longer under French control.

Eastward, on the waters of Lake Erie and the Alleghany, stood three small forts, Presqu'Isle, Le Bœuf, and Venango; which had passed into the hands of the English soon after the capture of Fort du Quesne. The feeble garrisons of all these western posts, exiled from civilization, lived in the solitude of military hermits. Through the long, hot days of summer, and the protracted cold of winter, time hung heavy on their hands. Their resources of employment and recreation were few and meagre. They found partners in their loneliness among the young beauties of the Indian camps. They hunted and fished, shot at targets, and played at games of chance; and when, by good fortune, a traveller found his way among them, he was greeted with a hearty and open-handed welcome, and plied with eager questions touching the great world from which they were banished men! Yet, tedious as it was, their secluded life was seasoned with stirring danger. The surrounding forests were peopled with a race dark and subtle as their own sunless mazes. At any hour, those jealous tribes might raise the war-cry. No human foresight could predict the sallies of their fierce caprice, and in ceaseless watching lay the only safety.

When the European and the savage are

brought in contact, both are gainers, and both are losers. The former loses the refinements of civilization, but he gains, in the rough schooling of the wilderness, a proud independence, a self-sustaining energy, and powers of action and perception before unthought of. The savage gains new means of comfort and support, cloth, iron, and gun-powder; yet these apparent benefits have often proved but instruments of ruin. They soon become necessities, and the unhappy hunter, forgetting the weapons of his fathers, must thenceforth depend on the white man for ease, happiness, and life itself.

Those rude and hardy men, hunters and traders, scouts and guides, who ranged the woods beyond the English borders, and formed a connecting link between barbarism and civilization, have been touched upon already. They were a distinct, peculiar class, marked with striking contrasts of good and evil. Many, though by no means all, were coarse, audacious, and unscrupulous; yet, even in the worst, one might often have found a vigorous growth of warlike virtues, an iron endurance, an undespairing courage, a wondrous sagacity, and singular fertility of resource. In them was renewed, with all its ancient energy, that wild and daring spirit, that force and robustness of mind which marked our barbarous ancestors of Germany and Norway. These sons of the wilderness still survive. We may find them to this day, not in the valley of the Ohio, nor on the shores of the lakes, but far westward on the desert range of the buffalo, and among the solitudes of Oregon. Even now, while I write, some lonely trapper is climbing the perilous defiles of the Rocky Mountains, his strong frame cased in time-worn buck-skin, his rifle gripped in his sinewy hand. Keenly he peers from side to side, lest Blackfoot or Arapahoe should ambuscade his path. The rough earth is his bed, a morsel of dried meat and a draught of water are his food and drink, and death and danger his com-

panions. No anchorite could fare worse, no hero could dare more; yet his wild, hard life has resistless charms; and, while he can wield a rifle, he will never leave it. Go with him to the rendezvous, and he is a stoic no more. Here, rioting among his comrades, his native appetites break loose in mad excess, in deep carouse, and desperate gaming. Then follow close the quarrel, the challenge, the fight—two rusty rifles and fifty yards of prairie.

The nursling of civilization, placed in the midst of the forest, and abandoned to his own resources, is helpless as an infant. There is no clew to the labyrinth. Bewildered and amazed, he circles round and round in hopeless wanderings. Despair and famine make him their prey, and unless the birds of heaven minister to his wants, he dies in misery. Not so the practised woodsman. To him, the forest is a home. It yields him food, shelter, and raiment, and he threads its trackless depths with undeviating foot. To lure the game, to circumvent the lurking foe, to guide his course by the stars, the wind, the streams, or the trees,—such are the arts which the white man has learned from the red. Often, indeed, the pupil has outstripped his master. He can hunt as well; he can fight better; and yet there are niceties of the woodsman's craft in which the white man must yield the palm to his savage rival. Seldom can he boast, in equal measure, that subtlety of sense, more akin to the instinct of brutes than to human reason, which reads the signs of the forest as the scholar reads the printed page, to which the whistle of a bird can speak clearly as the tongue of man, and the rustle of a leaf give knowledge of life or death. With us the name of the savage is a byword of reproach. The Indian would look with equal scorn on those who, buried in useless lore, are blind and deaf to the great world of nature.

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EFFECTIVE US

We were dead of sleep,  
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awak'd.

THE TEMPEST.



## PINE NOT(E)S.

IN THE COUNTRY, August, 1851.

Last evening going from the hill and the pine grove in my houseward walk, I passed a cottage where an aged woman sat alone in the doorway. The old woman seemed sad and lonely in the declining light. But she lives not alone in the cottage. Those near and dear to her are there; and from their neighbor I learned the story of little Fanny. A plump, rosy cheeked child of four years with dark blue eyes and light hair that hung in golden curls on her fair neck, was little Fanny. Motherless, she was taken home by the sister of her departed mother, and this aunt gave a home also to the old lady, who was her aunt and the grand-aunt of Fanny.

Old Aunty was blind, and Fanny used to take her hand and lead her about the green before the cottage; and sometimes up the hillside opposite, a little way to a fallen tree where the old lady used to sit and enjoy the fanning of the breeze and the rustling music of the leaves above her. Little Fanny played the while about her, and ran to and fro into the sunlight and back again into the shade, and prattled away innocently in her lisping way with the imperfect accents of a little child; laughing aloud when she saw a "little butterfly," as she called it, and always coming back to old Aunty's side whenever she called to her to come that Aunty might kiss her and stroke her soft curls. And Fan was mischievous at times, the minx, and would lead her old Aunty up to those things which she wanted, but which were forbidden her to play with, and therefore had been placed beyond her reach, and would tell Aunty to hand them to her, who would good-naturedly comply. And thus it happened that the porcelain likeness of General Washington that adorned the mantelpiece was broken one day by Fan, who was making a doll of it. And thus it was that everybody said "old Aunty would spoil that child."

One day, an aunt of Fanny's, another sister of her mother, came and took her away on a week's visit to the family where they lived in a little village not far away. Fan was gone, and every night old Aunty dreamed about Fan, and every day she wished a hundred times that her pet would come back. The last night, Fan was to return the next day, Aunty dreamed more than usual about her darling. She dreamed that Fan was leading her slowly up the gently sloping

hillside, as was usual with them, when all at once she stumbled. Seeking the help of Fan's hand, it seemed to have vanished from her own, and she found herself on her knees stooping over a little grassy mound against which she had stumbled. She felt for Fan and called her, but no Fan was there; and feeling with her hands the little hillock seemed to be a grave. Then in the mystery of her dream the old Aunty seemed to be a second time at the little mound, and to feel that Fan was there; and she had a little rose bush which she planted upon it, digging out the earth for its root with her hand. And then profound grief seized upon her for the loss of her darling, and the tears seemed to rain down from her sightless eyes upon the rose bush; when in all the swift magic of a dream a rose seemed to bloom at once upon the bush. She leaned over it and inhaled a delicious odor that seemed to envelope her like a cloud, and pass on above her and only lose itself in the heavens above.

The old aunt waked and Fan's aunt came and dressed her and led her down to breakfast, cheerfully saying Fan would be back that morning, and how fine the day was, and what a pleasant walk Fan and old Aunty would have up the hill in the afternoon. And somehow it all sounded strange to old Aunty, for the recollection of her dream was vividly present to her memory. Then she told her dream, and she had but just finished telling it, while they were yet seated at the breakfast-table, when James, Fan's cousin, rode up to the door.

He had taken Fan away, but he came back without her. Then he told a sad tale, how little Fan had been at play the evening before with other little girls at the creek that ran alongside the village, when she had caught sight of a lily-leaf that floated on the stream, and reaching out too eagerly to catch it ere it passed beyond reach, had slipped on the loose stones that lay at the water's edge and fallen. The swift stream had carried her along to where it was deeper, and before the cries of her little playmates had brought assistance poor Fan was drowned.

There is little Fan's grave on the slope below the great tree, and though it has not been there many weeks, a rose is blooming at its head. Surely she rests in sweet peace. And the surging of the breeze through the pines around me seems to respond—"in peace, peace."

Again the sun is low in the beautiful west, even below the hill tops, and I stand enraptured by a succession of gorgeous scenes. High above the hill tops on the far side of the valley, clouds on clouds are heaped in massive piles, and far along the horizon they are scattered in fleecy lightness. Where the sun has dipped behind the hills, his rays, shooting upwards and away to the right and left, fanlike spreading out behind the clouds, crown the entire ridge with glory, as painters crown the head of the Saviour of man. Now the blue mist of the hills is spread out along the entire range, a sea of purple. Orange and crimson, deep blue and azure, golden and purple, scarlet and pink in a hundred changing shades and hues emblazon the clouds gorgeously. Some lie like burning cinders of gigantic trees, unquenchable, cast upon a still sea of cerulean blue. Dark, dark blue clouds upheaped in mountain grandeur and richly fringed with gold, opening their sides, recall a beauteous lake of sapphire set like a precious stone in a gorge of the cloud mountains, mountains all built of gold and granite.

Oh! it is a glorious world, the cloud world, with its many countries so fair to see!

Strangely the memories of bye-gone years, of tropic climes and southern seas mingle with these reveries in the northern uplands. Yet they seem naturally associated in these warm summer days.

I see again a gorgeous sunset where he dipped into a southern sea, and the event of that evening comes back to me, as it often has in the summer evenings.

But the twilight steals on us, and I must quit my grove for another home where frolic, laughter, and sunny smiles fittingly follow the joy of the glorious beauty just passing away in the beautiful west.

Au Revoir, perhaps. Adieu.

D. P. B.

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IN THE COUNTRY, August, 1851.

THE white mistiness that Durand loves to cast over his pictures, gauzily veils the rolling landscape on the far side of the valley. On a limb above me a mocking bird is casting silver and water into music finer and softer than silver and water ever made. Beginning liquid—full and warbling, then changing into crystal—clear and fine. How the ravished ear lies in wait, watching after each note to catch the next. A long, long pause. Again, sweet bird! A robin sends his short, round note, full into the air; the locust's *chrizz* rattles perseveringly at the drum of the ear. Again, sweet mocking bird!

Floating visions of palm groves wreath themselves into my reverie, with remembrances of the golden-haired "Gem of the Antilles." Fitting is it for the poet to liken the fair one of his song to the palm tree. The tree that springs from the earth round, smooth, broad, tapering gradually, like the graceful robes that sweep the floor, to the waist, and then enlarging again above, as at the bust. Then the crowning glory of the palm tree's feathery plume of leaves, by what is it equalled save the beautiful hair that crowns the beauty of woman?

I see the *Ingenio's* waving fields of sugar cane, and through the hot noon recline again in the veranda of the *casa*, odorous with the fragrance of a hundred varieties of flowers, among which the oleander, blushing with its load of bloom, towers like a tree.

A dark skinned, thin featured man, of medium height, dressed in a broad *sombrero* and white shirt, well starched throughout, that falls over white linen pants, wearing a short sword at his waist, and carrying a gun on his shoulder, gallops up to the door. He is mounted on a rather small sized, but plump, short-backed, hardy-looking horse. He does not dismount, but he talks volubly, and his dark eyes flash emphasis for his words. He is relating the case of a neighbor of his, a creole small farmer, like himself, who had died some months before, leaving a moderate property. But certain formalities were required by the law, and none but the petty magistrate of the district and the lawyers knew what all these formalities were, and none but they could arrange the compliance with those formalities which were interminable. Fees were exacted at every turn by the magistrate and the lawyers; and now all was finished; but the farmer's snug farm was gone, and his cattle reduced in number, and the widow and children, instead of a few thousands, were in possession of only a few hundreds. "Who made the laws?" "Espanne!" he answers. "What is the Magistrate?" "Espanol," he says. "And what are the lawyers?" "Carramba!" roars the dark creole, fiercely striking the spurs into his horse, "todos Espanoles!" and he rides swiftly away, the smoke of his cigar trailing after him through the hot air.

He is one of a race each man of whom wants, for each day's consumption, three plaintains, three cups of coffee, and ten cigars, with one ear of corn for each league his horse traverses; and the rising and the setting sun will find him mounted and tireless day after day. The Spanish soldier, just imported from a cooler climate, will have fainted under the burning tropic sun, and

fallen from his horse ere the close of the first day.

But he is volatile, and he is well supplied with what the classic writers of America style "gas," this creole of the middle and western parts of the island.

Not so at the east end, that mountainous country, where the creole to some extent is a cross of Spaniard and the French who came there from St. Domingo, long ago, flying from savage massacre. He is firmer than the creole of the middle and west, and he hunts the wild boar for his pastime, the hardy creole of the mountains.

Men are like a smooth coin, till fire brings out the impression.

The fire of revolution?

Volatile interests are like a dipper of sand: each grain is separate, but pour on water, and there is one solid heavy mass.

The watery flood of revolution?

But if uneducated and unacquainted with the responsibilities as well as with the advantages of self government? The press, that father of education, is shackled, is tongueless for creoles in Cuba; but steam is, and Time *does*; never ceasing its labor.

The *men* of Cuba are yet riding about with their shirts outside their pantaloons.

Again I see — and —, wealthy planters, but types of the best of their class. Educated, intelligent, gentlemanly, of easy manners. Some of these men will be among the *men* of Cuba; and they are mingled with a crowd where selfishness, timidity, jealousy, and treachery, have long kept the particles of sand without weight or power, to be blown hither and thither by the hot breath of despotic power.

Again, sweet bird! The great Opera house, Teatro Tacon, is thronged, and the circles of open front boxes seen to their floors, bloom with fair faces, dark hair wreathed with fresh flowers, and dark eyes that flash light for light with the gemmed brows and arms. The last act of *La Favorita* is sung, and Salvi and Steffanoni have brought down the house with rapturous applause in that gem of gems, the convent scene. An after-piece; and then a platoon of twenty drummers advancing to the foot-lights ring out their rorrattattoo as if the forty beating arms were on one man. The audience is wild with excitement, and loudly demand "*encore*." The curtain does not rise at their repeated call. Again and again "*encore*." Every face in the house is turned to a box in the second tier directly in front of the stage. The box is canopied with crimson and gold where all other of the tier are without ornament. A tall dark handsome man sits upright and immovable within

the box. His face is stern, and his eyes are immovably fixed on the stage curtain in front. But those eyes can take within the range of their view the box of the Captain General, which is in the lower tier and near the stage. The audience have become furious, and the Captain General despatches the aide-de-camp that accompanies him to the Opera, who goes up to the dark man and appears respectfully to address to him a word or two. Then the stern man, the Alcalde of the city, raises his hand. The house is silent and the curtain rises.

A company of armed soldiers are drawn up nightly under the arcades below.

The bayonet is.

It is Sunday. Mass is heard in the morning, heard by a few women and a man or two, the women kneeling on the mats their servants have carried after them to the cathedral. It is noon, and the ladies are at the doors of the shops sitting in their volantes and shopping of the goods the obsequious clerks bring out for them. They are on their way home from mass.

It is a little past noon of Sunday, and the cockpit that opened at nine o'clock and will not close until 5 P. M. is thronged with men. The seats that rise about the inclosed and covered circle around the ring or arena when the cocks are fighting are filled with a shouting, screaming, cursing crowd. The grey cock gets the better of the red, and the mad crew shout vociferously their triumph or curse out their despair, as they may be betters on grey or red. "Twenty ounces to one on the grey?" The grey staggers, the red strikes stronger. "Two to one on the red—five to one—twenty to one!" And a sharp stroke of the grey cock lays the red dead on the sand. Twenty thousand dollars have changed hands on that cock-fight of some ten minutes' duration.

It is five o'clock of the same afternoon, and the *Paseo* is thronged with volantes and quitrines bearing their gay freight through the ordinary round of airing between the long lines of palms.

It is seven o'clock, and the living stream is pouring into the Opera. The same flowing dresses of muslin are there that in pairs or triplets rode behind the black *calasero*, whose gold embroidered jacket and heavy jack boots an hour ago added to the picturesque picture of the volante and its fair freight.

It is eleven o'clock at night, and hundreds have left the now closed Opera house to crowd into the ball-room across the street, where they jest, dance, and drink with domino and mask.

Thus goes the Sabbath—mass—cock-fight—Opera and masquerade.



Ah volatile! Uproariously exultant with a trifling hope in the cockpit, cursing despair when the trifle falls. The bayonet *is*—is it not useful here?

But the press *is*—and steam *is*—and the great example beyond the gulf stream *is*—and the few high hearts hope on—and the wild boars are hunted in the mountains—and Time *is* and *will be at work*.

Again, sweet mocking-bird! Why do you always carry me back in pleasant reverie to the lands of the magnolia and the palm?

The pleasant sailing with L— across the bay in the moonlighted nights comes again. Breezes are softly filling the sail, and we two are leaning over the stern—gathering the tepid water into our hands to watch the thousand specks like tiny glow-worms that glow in the water flowing away with it, and some left in the hand pale and go out, slipping away from us, we know not how. Glowing is the beautiful light in the water like an under stream of stars, or milky way, only brighter, more beautiful, streaming out behind from the rudder that frets the water into such beautiful coruscations. Looking up once in a while we see the moon and the big stars, and wonder which of the lights is most beautiful.

Then out towards the great sea, where the light-house rises up giant-like; aye, its big red light, that comes and goes, revolving, looking forth like huge Polyphemus opening and shutting his big red eye upon us as he stands like the guardian giant of that fair scene where beauty calls for love. A love that dares in its purity, a pureness as of the stars and the moon, to rove and sail about, and look the giant in his red eye, and think how mean his glance beside the fairer lights in the heavens above and in the waters below us.

Fair land of the palm and the pine! Not the fragrant and tall pine above me, but the pine that bears the luscious apple. This hill of pines was hidden beneath the white sheet of snow while thus I sailed in your bright waters in the balmy nights, thou land of rich favors that man will not use, or using, abuses.

At such season, when the frost king reigns here, it seems as if I could not realize your glowing beauties. But now, when the summer heat is here, though seldom as hot as through the winter month it was there, the images and sentiments of your producing come freely and throng the hills and avenues of reverie fittingly, but too thickly for aught save resignation to the dream of tropic calm that folds itself about me and arrests hand and pen, leaving only power lingeringly to let fall hopelessly the last faint.

Au Revoir,

D. P. B.

IN THE COUNTRY, August 1851.

THE great charm of the little bit of rusti-cating, scenery-seeing and open-air-enjoying, in which I indulge during these summer days, consists in being alone. No sight-seeing crowds venture within my grove. No cicerone, no snobs and flunkies, no nob and monkeys come here to spoil the prospect and turn the milky flow of one's humor, meandering between the mossy margins of human kindness into the whey and curd of disgust. The hushing murmur of the creek below is never broken by the sound of human voices as it is borne upwards on the sunny air over the slope of the hill to my ears.

Solitude is precious when we know that the society we love is within our ready reach. Solitude that our own effort could not break would be a grievous thing and only borne with mourning and doleful plaint. Friends are necessary to us. Sweet as are these reveries among the green and light things of nature in the calm hour of a summer's day or even, it is not less sweet to turn at the close of the hours to those friends nearest in locality, nearest too in love. And for you dear friend-in-town my pen lingers lovingly over these notations of my reverie. May the magnetism of friendship, flowing from my fingers down to my pen's point, so charge these sheets of paper as to strike from your sympathy the electric spark of answering regard and reverie. So may there be use in these careless jettings sent away innocent of all critical reviewing ere trusted to the steam-winged carrier of our day.

Of friendship, Jeremy Taylor has said: "The good man is a profitably useful person, and that is the bond of an effective friendship. For I do not think that friendships are metaphysical nothings, created for contemplation, or that men or women should stare upon each other's faces, and make dialogues of news and prettinesses, and look babies in one another's eyes. Friendship is the allay of our sorrows, the ease of our passions, the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary of our calamities, the counsellor of our doubts, the charity of our minds, the emission of our thoughts, the exercise and improvement of what we meditate. And although I love my friend because he is worthy, yet he is not worthy if he can do me no good: I do not speak of accidental hindrances and misfortunes by which the bravest man may become unable to help his child; but of the natural and artificial capacities of the man. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can do those offices for which friendship is excellent. For no man can be loved for himself; our perfections in this world cannot

reach so high; it is well if we would love God at that rate."

He was practical, the sound old Jeremy. But did old Aunty love little Fan for herself or for the offices she did?

Ah my solitude is precious, and its progeny of reverie is precious. I am not on any beaten route of the tourist's frequenting. There is no Miss Diddler here to come between me and the far gleam of sunshine, on the creek, leaning on the arm of Mr. Tiddler, and sighing languishingly while she carefully adjusts her scarf, "how delightful!" No pinky gauze millinery, no satin slippers and flaunting flounces, no mustachiod sack coats and patent leathered inexpressibles, crowding round the elbow to distract the easy pen or drive reverie to praying for the mayor and the riot act. The sunshine showing through the tall trunks at the edge of my grove, in golden ingots, cast on emerald, is never darkened by the shadows of a fashionable mob. No hour-glass and monkey-fied figures have shown themselves defined against the clear light that crowns the brow of the hill, at even, to make hideous mockery of the willow that hangs its graceful boughs and the fir that throws high its spire into the air beyond my grove.

Not a Bloomer has yet shown itself to excite curiosity to making for the wide-mouthed press and the small talk of all coteries an inventory of the sacred investiture of woman, and desecrate the sanctity that our experience and the customs and religions of many nations and ages have prescriptively regarded as inviolate.

But I have looked out worldward once from this quiet retreat, and, trusting myself to the swift train of the railway, a well-behaved railway that only breaks a bone a day and a neck a week, there, under the guardianship of the mighty engine and the loud bray of its whistle, I met a Bloomer. The wearer was a rosy-cheeked, plump, and dimpled sweet-faced maiden of about sixteen. But the dress conferred no grace nor added one beauty. It seems rather to throw the young lady back into that most awkward of conditions in which we see the chrysalis, who, with hair yet clubbed in big braids down her back, short frock, pantaleites, and overgrown feet, the girl who is passing out of the domain of childhood, and has not yet attained to young-ladyhood, figures as the personification of that awkwardness that despairs of grace. The innocent maiden in the Bloomer looked to me like a sacrifice to an *ism*.

I left those cars and went to a watering place. There I found a housefull. Strutting about the piazza was big Ben Brayhard,

in a flannel sack, shortened by the tip end of fashion and his tailor until it assumed the dimensions of the pea-jackets sailors delight in. His pants were of flannel, from the same piece, and fell with a graceful swell over shining patent leathers. Ben wore a Panama hat with a broad black ribbon, and greeted the ladies who grouped about the parlor windows with an elegant display of the graces he thought befitting an Adonis. For Ben is no sailor, though you may begin to suspect he is, but hails from Broadway. Broadway the commercial, or Broadway the fashionable? For Broadway is taking upon itself a twofold existence; Broadway is getting to be, if not amphibious, something that the naturalists must define upon the basis of the business animal and the animal anti-business. When will they stop stretching those five-story wholesales up the pavé of Broadway, once sacred to the genius of retail and the promenade?

"That last ten-strike did your business, Tom," said Ben, when, in one of their turns, he and his mate had reached a corner of the piazza, out of hearing of the ladies, "I'll take a sherry cobbler." And they adjourned to the bar room. I believe Ben figures on the entire of Broadway in both its aspects. His father lives above Washington Square and made a plum in . . . what, Ben cannot recollect.

From the piazza I entered the parlor. In one corner sat a thin lady, with a parchment complexion and square forehead, in faded blue eyes and a black dress. With her was a fat lady, also in black, with grey eyes and hair the color of the street in a "dry spell" of weather. That hair and head would have fitted no hat of less dimensions than a peach basket, one of those baskets that marketmen swear hold a bushel, but which a short three pecks will fill heaping. Her cheeks, how they would have rejoiced a Nantucket man to see! What a store of blubber encroaching upon the domain of eyes and nose and sinking the bridge between the eyes clear out of sight, pushing those much abused eyes right together to the entire extinguishment of the poor organ of individuality. (Ask Fowler if that's the organ.) At any rate the poor woman when she looked in the glass, unless partial to her own appearance, which is very rare with fat people, I believe, could not have sworn that hers was an individual face. The nose, its upper works all gone, aspiring and ambitious, perhaps spiteful, as noses are apt to be, in sheer desperation with fear evidently of being buried alive, shot the apex of its nostrils up from between those usurping cheeks until it showed like the pyramid of Gizeh, between two hills of sand that a

simoom might have left on the right and the left of its base. Her waist—but why speak of what had no existence? The thin woman was evidently literary and romantic. As I seated myself at the near window in the sole vacant seat she was declaiming upon the charms of wandering through those beautiful woods about the spring, in a tone evidently intended to be heard by a if not larger at least more numerous audience than her fat companion. The fat woman was gossippy, and in her turn told the thin woman about the evidences of attachment betrayed in the certain remarks and attractions of that young F. to Miss P. And thereupon the thin lady quoted impressively from Scott:—

“But he who stems a stream with sand,  
And fetters flame with flaxen band,  
Has yet a harder task to prove—  
By firm resolve to conquer love!”

And then she asked the fat lady if she had seen Mr. L. at dinner ask her, the thin lady, to take champagne and kiss the glass as he put it to his mouth, looking at her all the while impressively. And then she repeated—“But he who stems a stream with sand.” “You know where that comes from, don’t you?” asked the thin lady. The fat lady hesitated. “It is from Scott’s *Lady of the Lake*, don’t you remember it?” “No, I don’t recollect that,” replied the fat lady with a marked emphasis on the *that*; and turned to some other subject. The thin lady was merciful, and did not test the lite-

rary store of the fat one by another quotation from the *Lady of the Lake*; or else she believed, what was doubtless the fact, that the fat lady could have recollected any other couplet from any canto or all the cantos of the *Lady of the Lake*, and all the other poems ever written. And the fat lady was, unquestionably, very modest and did not care to make a display of her learning, for she refrained from making a single answering quotation from all the mass of poetry of Scott, and others, with which her memory was stored.

I walked around the room, then went into the office and inquired at what hour the return stage would pass. “In half an hour, sir.” In half an hour I was whirling away from the — Springs. I had been there just an hour.

Well, I am back again to my old pine; and, having vented all the spleen engendered in my worldward trip, I feel better, decidedly. After all, I do not think the trip did me any harm; but I shall not repeat it this season, I think.

The valley is smiling below me and the birds are chirping gaily above me. Bless all of ye, good people at the watering places; may ye all enjoy, till frost time, the delights they afford. There is room enough in the world for us all poor butterflies; go ye on your way sight-seeing, ye tourists, I would not harm ye, and while I stay under my pine ye will not harm me. D. P. B.

#### THE VILLAGE BELL.

HARK! hark! the village bell  
Steals o’er the ear with its magical swell,  
Sometimes of sadness and sorrow to tell.  
Ding, dong, the village bell.  
Sounding, sounding, by night and by day,  
Dying at last like a dark dream away;  
Giving to earth again creatures of clay—  
Sounding, still sounding, the livelong day.

Ding, dong, tolling at ev’n,  
Softly and sweetly the sad tones are given,  
Some soul hath blissfully floated to heaven,  
Ding, dong, the link has been riven.  
Toll, toll; time’s wing flieth fast,  
Vain are man’s hopes on life’s shallow bark  
    cast;  
Deathless eternity dawneth at last,—  
Toll, toll, life’s ocean is past.

Columbia, Tenn.

Ding, dong, the fatal knell,  
Breaking the heart with its sorrowful swell,  
Stole on the ear, and the mother’s tears fell,  
Keeping sad time to the mournful old bell.  
She buried her darling; the bird she lov’d best,  
She’d woo him again to a wounded one’s nest.  
Come they to earth who are happy and blest?  
Ding, dong; they rest, they rest.

Ding, dong; mortal, no more  
Dream thou of bliss on life’s shadowy shore;  
Stars, earth, and ocean, and all shall be o’er;  
Ding, dong; dream thou no more.  
Toll, toll; the soul cannot die,  
Visions of glory await it on high;  
Spirit, then lift thy bright winglets, and fly,—  
Angels are waiting thee: off, to the sky!

J. M. A.



## A DEFENCE OF IGNORANCE.

THIS is the title of a little volume just published in London, by the author of the very clever ironical book, "How to make Home Unhealthy." The treatise on Education is presented in like manner in a caustic oblique view, the writer thinking with Barrow, whom he quotes for his motto in his sermon against evil speaking:—"Many who will not stand a direct reproof, and cannot abide to be plainly admonished of their fault, will yet endure to be pleasantly rubb'd, and will patiently bear a jocund wipe." The vehicle is the report of a Select Committee on the State of Education in Great Britain, the discussions of the committee men, &c. The topic is pushed backwards and forwards in its relations to the poor, the middle classes, the universities, and the ladies, and the peculiar treatment which these receive in England at the present day—ignorance, of course, getting the hardest rubs. It is not quite so smoothly treated as the learned Erasmus's Praise of Folly, but that difference may be owing to the ripeness of the philosopher of Rotterdam or the classical spirit of those days. This is the more romantic period of Punch and the Comic History of Rome. There is so much more wit in the world that there does not appear to be quite so much. The reader will be pleased, however, with a few of this clever writer's points:—

## POOH-POOHING EDUCATION.

"*Civetta*. This cry for education is the neighing of a hobby-horse. What is there that a perverted enthusiasm will not hope to build? I could name a clever builder, now dead, who believed the Millennium to be at hand; he looked forward to the erection of the New Jerusalem, and studied Ezekiel professionally, made calculations, and completed all the plans which he intended to send in at once, when tenders were demanded for the rebuilding of the Temple. So certain Education-mongers have drawn up some schemes, but they will not be called for. We may look over your projections, gentlemen, your elevations and ground-plans, but your phantom schoolmasters we banish from this realm of fact: on snowy plains of paper let them wander up and down, the masters of their own Siberia.

"*Screech*. As for awakening a spirit of inquiry, that I am quite sure is what no sensible man would desire: it is a thing always absurd. A spirit of inquiry means a pertinacity in putting foolish questions. There is none more foolish than the Education question. Our Royal

Society wrote, once upon a time, to Sir Philiberto Vernatti, then residing in Batavia, to ask whether it was true, that in Java there were oysters 'of that vast bigness as to weigh 3 cwt.' These were your learned men. People whose mouths are agape for oysters of that size must be prepared to swallow anything. Knowledge is hungry and greedy; Ignorance fasts and is content.

"*Civetta*. The tiresome greediness of Knowledge is portrayed awfully in men who are attacked by the schoolmaster while in a state of nature. This was the case with the natives of the Navigator's Islands, where the missionaries rang their bell and summoned all the natives into school. The consequence was, Mr. Walpole tells us,—in his book, 'Four Years in the Pacific,'—that Europeans walking in the woods were pounced upon at any unexpected time by savages, who brandished not clubs but slates about their heads, and shouted, 'Do my sum!' Frederic Walpole had his 'walks made weariful with sums.' 'One fellow, with a noble head, used to bring him regular puzzlers.' The victim, in revenge, set his tormentor some algebra to do, in the hope that this would keep him quiet; but after a few days he came again, together with ten others, making a fierce bullabaloo; they all brought slates, and came to get the problem solved:—'You do it.'"

The plea for a natural system of children's instruction is well put:—

## A MODEL CHILD'S SCHOOL.

"*Aziola*. The teacher sits where children sit, or walks among them. Study begins; perhaps the morning and the fresh attention are devoted to those studies which, though not least needful, are the least inviting, and more pleasant subjects come as the day flags. Conversation, open utterance, is not forbidden. How can a teacher pretend to form a child's mind when he forbids it to be spoken? In a silence broken only by words learned out of a book, how is it possible that the chief object of education can be obtained at all? So says John Smith, and the work goes on. The children fidget, shift their places, and are suffered freely so to do: it is the instinct of their childhood. They openly make boats and chip at wood, and play with paper, when their hands are not employed. Allegiance to childhood is not insubordination. So they work cheerfully, and know themselves at school to be free agents, doing a duty. At the end of every hour's work, they scamper out to scream and play at leapfrog. Recalled, they scamper back as rapidly as if there were a cane for the last comer.

"Morning has been spent in languages, arithmetic, or algebra, and exercises which de-

mand labor of which the pleasant fruit is not immediately to be gathered. It has imposed upon the children mental toil. The afternoon is full of mental pleasure. The history of man's deeds and works and the wonders of nature engage childish hearts more powerfully. Not as detailed in skeleton books. A dinner of dry bones makes no man fat. The teacher pre-determines that he will occupy perhaps three years in a full narration of the story of the world. He begins at the first dawn of history, studies for himself with patient diligence upon each topic the most correct and elaborate records (for which purpose he requires aid of a town library), and pours all out in one continued stream from day to day, enlivened by a child-like style. The children comment as the story runs; the teacher finds a hint sufficient at a time by way of moral, he is rather willing to be taught by the experience of what fresh hearts applaud or censure on the old worn stage of life. Natural history and science, all the -ologies, and -ties, and -nomies, succeed each other, also, as a three years' story of the wisdom which begot the world. Foreign countries, not dismissed in a few dozen of the driest existing sentences, are visited in company with pleasant travellers. Clever, good-humored books of travel, carry the imaginations of the children round the world. In all these latter studies they take lively interest, remembering, to a remarkable extent, what they hear. On every point they have spoken freely in the presence of a teacher not desirous to create dull copies of himself, but to permit each budding mind to throw out shoots and spread its roots according to its own inherent vigor. He manures and waters, watches to remove all parasitic growths, but the true, healthy mind, expands unchecked under his care."

Truth and integrity are of course insisted upon, and this hint of a new order of teachers thrown out:—

"The spell, however, I must finish telling you. I tell you that to burst the bolts of Ignorance and give free movement to the education of the middle classes, teachers must be found not scattered but in swarms, quite different from those which swarm at present. They must not look upon the child's mind as a thing to be impregnated with Latin verbs, and trained into a deep disgust at Cicero, and sickening horror at Herodotus. It is a spirit to be trained to thoughtfulness, and to be furnished with materials of thought (herein the use of history consists)! it should receive such views of the great world of knowledge as may make the young mind long to become one day an active traveller therein; and to be ready for the day of travel it should acquire activity and strength, with a fair notion of the routes that lie around us. The teacher who shall send a child into the world thoughtful, observant, seeking knowledge, and not shrinking from a little difficulty in obtaining it; a youth with a free mind, taught to reason,

and determined only upon truth, by whatever process he has come to that result; he is the enemy of Ignorance. The pupil who has learned to teach himself will be the man to put your cause in danger, though he may have left school very backward in his Greek and Latin."

The English flogging system has a hit in passing:—

A DOMINIE ST. DOMINIC.

"Binns Minimus now suffers torment. In a bald book of geography, which is little more than a bad index to the contents of the world political, Binns Minimus has sinned with many an imperfect lesson. He called a well-known Isthmus, yesterday, to the dismay of the English master, Suet. As a mild punishment he was ordered to learn his duty to man by nine o'clock on the succeeding morning. What is my duty to man, where is it? asked little Binns, but Mr. Thunderbomb was silent. This morning the young gentleman is ignorant of his duty to his fellow-creatures,—not having remembered that it was to be found in the catechism,—the Doctor knows his duty to a boy, and so Binns Minimus now suffers torment. The days are past wherein John Jacob Häuberle could flourish. That worthy's diary of punishment, as quoted by Jean Paul, yielded through half a century of teaching 911,527 strokes with the cane; 124,000 of the rod; 20,989 blows with the ruler; 10,235 boxes on the ear, with 7905 tugs; 1,115,800 raps with knuckles on the head, to say nothing of the wooden horse, and kneeling on hard peas. Those good old times are past, and flogging now is very much on the decline. Dr. Williams frequently tells his boys that caning is as painful to him as it is to the pupil suffering. Since fifty boys still yield him a good share of work, the amount of his self-flagellation is extremely serious. The Dominie might be St. Dominic. But as a Zooloo warrior, who had crossed the Cape frontier, declared his delight in sticking Dutchmen; the spear slipped into their soft unctuous skin so much more luxuriously than into the thick hide of a native, that he would much rather, he said, stick Dutchmen than eat beef; even so the hand of wrath may find a soothing outlet on the flesh of childhood. I never enjoyed sucking-pig so much as Dr. Williams seems to be enjoying now that operation on Binns Minimus, which sends him away to where he may not even, like Arvalan,

"In impotence of anger, howl,  
Writhing with anguish, and his wounds deplore."

Learning, schools, and schoolmasters are the peculiarly English features of some of the remaining portions of the work. We take this picture of the average degree of information possessed by middle-aged gentlemen of what they have been taught in schools. The inventory is amusing:—

A PEEP INTO BROWN'S HEAD.

"Well, Miss Fathomall, will you be good

enough—O yes; here is your fee—will you be good enough to place your lily white hand on our friend Brown's bald pate. He has a noble head, you see. Now, Brown, go to sleep. He will not, Miss; he is a very wide awake fellow, but it does not matter. Think away, Brown, while I take the lady's other hand; think over all you know; if any gentleman or lady will take my other hand, and somebody take his or her other hand, and so on, we can make a chain, and the current of Brown's thoughts will pass through us all. O dear no; Brown is a decent man, you will experience no shock. He is taking stock of all his information: Greek, there's a dual number, and a tense called aorist, and one verb in the grammar is *τυπτω*, there's Æschylus, and there's Herodotus, and there's a war called Peloponnesian and Xerxes. Latin, I know some,—let me see—'bis dat qui cito dat,' 'ingenuas didicisse,' &c., and there's 'post hoc non propter hoc,' and there's 'sic vos non vobis,' which goes on melliki—something, but it is not usual to quote the rest, so it don't matter my not knowing it. I know a whole line, by-the-bye, 'O fortunati minimum sua si bona norint.' Come, that would fetch something in the House of Commons. I think it's from Ovid. There's the Augustan age, and Coriolanus. Brutus goes with liberty and Tarquin's ravishing strides,—a verb agrees with its nominative case. English history, there's Arthur—round table—Alfred burnt oateakes—Henry VIII. had a number of wives, was the son of Queen Elizabeth, who

wore a stiff frill and didn't marry. George III. had two prime ministers, Horace Walpole and Mr. Pitt. The Duke of Wellington and Napoleon, and Waterloo, also Trafalgar and Rule Britannia—O, and there's Aristotle, shone in a number of things, generally safe to mention. Plato and friendly attachment—Mem. avoid mentioning Plato, there's something about a republic, on which I don't feel safe when it's occasionally mentioned. Botany; sap, the blood of trees—the leaves of flowers are called petals—also parts called pistils, which I could make a pun upon if I knew what they were—cosines in algebra, the same, which would make play with cousins—plus and minus, more and less—there's a word, rationale, don't know whether French or Latin, but extremely good to use—foreign politics I don't make much of, not understanding history of foreign countries. Germans, I know, dreamy—Klopstock—know his name, and think he was a drummer. Gerter was great. And I think there's an Emperor Barbarossa, but, Mem., be cautious, for I'm not sure whether that's not the name of an animal. Understand animals, having been twice to the Zoological Gardens. Have read Shakspeare—not Milton, but it's safe to praise him. Fine, a good epithet to apply to him. Know a good glass of claret. Lots of anecdotes—I'll tell you one. Once at a bar dinner, there was an Irish barrister who chanced never to have tasted olives—Miss Fathomall removes her hand, bar dinner stories hurt her."

## ALICE FAY.

BY D. PARISH BARHYDT.

SIPPING out of Lethe's chalice, could I cease to dream of Alice?

Not till all the past is blotted could I banish Alice Fay.

Fond of mischief was my Alice, but the minx was void of malice,

And the well of deep affection sparkled o'er with bubbles gay.

Through the leaves the sky is broken, in a thousand fragments broken,

And they glimmer in the moonlight, in the silver moonlight gleam,

Till they show a certain token, in a language sweetly spoken,

Of the light in eyes where archness hideth half the fonder beam.

In the breeze they stir and quiver, like the ripples on the river,

Like the lovely stars they twinkle, like the happy stars they smile:

With the light, uncertain quiver, that delights the saucy giver

When he kisseth Maiden Mischief by the olden trysting stile.

All around the zephyrs playing, with the golden hours a-Maying,

To and fro the graceful branches, to and fro the branches play;

And I see the pliant swaying, when the lovely Alice straying,

Free as breeze and fresh as zephyr gathered violets in May.

Like Aurora's fingers rosy, like the rosebuds in a posy,

Were the tips of Alice's fingers, were the taper finger tips;

And confounded with the posy, May buds, tiny all and cosy,

They are nestling 'mid the flowers where a bee in silence sips.

When the leaves are thick above me, when the stars do seem to love me,

Thus it is in summer morning, thus it is in summer night,

Fairy memories do move me, and descending from above me,

Comes the spirit of my Alice, shedding over me its light.

*Southern Literary Messenger for July.*



## NOTES OF EXCURSIONS.—NO. II.

## THE SHAKERS.

THE first impression made by the Shakers as you enter their great hall at Lebanon, is that of a ghastly dance of death. The pallid, worn ghosts, in their bleached grave clothes, have taken up their grim orgies on earth, and with rigid muscles and cold lack-lustre eye are performing their cramped revolutions. This certain feeling of terror is succeeded afterwards by disgust as the machinery is a little looked into. But to give our experiences as they occurred. It was a cool bright Sunday morning among the hills of the Taconic, as we rode across the Hancock mountain, from Pittsfield to the Shaker settlement of that name. Heavy summer rains on the previous day had refreshed the vegetation and hardened the usually excellent roads of the region. The cleanly shaved edges of the upland meadows, as they touched the woodland, gave token of the approach to the Hancock Village, for the Shakers are excellent farmers and their fields are nicely groomed. By neat fences and through avenues of shady roadside trees, you approach the variegated houses, red and yellow, rising many stories in height and not unpicturesquely gathered together at regular angles. There is the great circular stone barn, with the huge haymow in the centre, and the numerous stalls where the cattle, each with head toward the great king post, are fed through the cold months of winter. A stone pathway on which you pass a simple dial plate, leads between two groups of houses. Near by, on the opposite side of the road, is the religious house where the services are held of the several families. We found it closed, the brethren, it was said, being off to a meeting on the mountain. This out of door worship is sometimes accompanied by strange fits of enthusiasm. One winter lately the devil was hunted by the Shakers on one of their mountains in solemn procession over the snow drifts. It was satisfactory to learn at that time that he was fairly cornered in the shape of a varmint and was buried with appropriate zeal behind the barn. When you get hold of the devil pin him down. It was a circumstance which created great doubt in the mind of old Dr. Thomas Fuller of the piety of Saint Dunstan, that when, as is well known to all lovers of legend, he had hold of his majesty's nose with a pincers he should let it go again.

Three miles farther on is the scattered settlement of the Shakers at Lebanon. Descending upon it from a hill side, groups of carriages were drawn up at the great meeting house, stages, coaches, light wagons, rockaways and others of more city pretence from the fashionable haunts of the neighboring watering place. With the light airy building before them shining with its rounded tin roof in the pure atmosphere, the whole had the gay appearance, with the bustle of the grooms and horses, of a fair or race course. A left hand entrance, past a narrow yard of grass is briefly labelled "Males;" the corresponding doorway being as economically marked "Females." Entering by the former we found ourselves among groups of city-faces and fashionable costume ranged, standing or on benches, the whole length of the edifice. In the middle of the hall, under a vast rounded sounding board, suspended from the ceiling, stood a preacher, a grim, spectral, cold-eyed piece of human timber, boarded up to the ears in a long unwrinkled drab coat. He was in the midst of an exposition addressed to his fashionable audience, which for bathos and cool ignorant impudence exceeded any address it had ever been our fortune to listen to. It was a polite recommendation to the fat, comfortable, happy looking people in front of him to break up their families, leave their wives or husbands, parents or children, and join the saints of the Millennium which had already begun on earth, the miserable looking squeaking, jumping beings behind him on the benches, marked with every grade of feebleness and imbecility (with here and there a good face) being its angelic first fruits. Marriage he denounced as belonging to the "natural" man, forgetting that in this division he left himself and his brother celibates to the ranks of the "unnatural." His textual logic seemed a farcical quiz on some of the old Puritan verse-splitting theology. After an enumeration of the various meals which might be eaten in the course of the day, laid down with a confident and dignified assertion, he reminded the company of the persons invited to the supper in the New Testament parable. Several of them had made excuse, one of them had bought a piece of land, another a yoke of oxen, till it came to the man who had married a wife, who asked for no excuse at all, but said sim-

ply, he couldn't come. "And why? because there was no excuse to be made. It was out of the question. Had there been any he would have asked for it—thus showing, conclusively, that this condition was utterly incompatible with those heavenly relations?" The millennium, in the Shaker view of it, appears a device to put an end to the world by depopulating it of the good and virtuous. The "calm goblin" then had a shy at the Scarlet lady of Babylon, and by a natural force of logic of his own (slightly at war with physiological experience) went on to condemnation of her daughters—whom he pronounced to be the church of England and the Protestant sects. After some other vulgarities the performance shifted suddenly to a song and a dance. The vocal music had a strong infusion of saw-filing, and the dancing looked hugely like a procession of rheumatic kangaroos. It was a promenade all around in two circles, the adults of both sexes following one another in the outer, and the children (for children they get possession of, like the supernatural hags of old) in the inner, about the vocal group which may be spoken of as the quire for the occasion. The tunes were, some of them, lively and Yankee-doodleish. It was a good business-like trot, with a singular motion of the hands, much like a groceryman "hefting" imaginary pounds of butter. As one tune was finished another began, and on went the dance of death.

The hall in which this was going on was a large airy structure with green blinds, a floor which would be the despair of a holy-stoning commodore on the decks of his pet frigate, and a general air of comfort. Several openings in the upper part of the end walls, filled with blinds, apparently acting as ventilators, are understood to be private windows for the benefit of the elders to survey in retirement what they please of the proceedings of the Millennial Church below.

The leading personages, of *both sexes*, it is said, live in sacred privacy in the attics of these meeting-house buildings.

Much of the ludicrous in this exhibition depends upon the outer garments. Imbecility looks exceedingly imbecile in a down shelving shirt collar twiddling its thumbs. One individual had a very stogy look, a counterfeit presentment of that excellent actor, Mr. Blake, of Burton's company—in full undress costume of the time of George III. It is possible, by the way, that the changes of fashion may return to this antiquated dress (which *was* fashionable when the Shakers adopted it) when the exhibition may lose something of its interest. Just now there is a peculiar hitch of the long

garment, between the shoulders of beauty, which is fascinating—to the lovers of the distorted.

The dance was somewhat monotonous, and the audience, who could converse under cover of the jargon going on, expressed opinions freely. "A slow business; they don't seem to be well worked up to-day—small chance for the whirling gifts." This was said by a connoisseur among the spectators, who looked at the whole affair very much as an amateur at a cock-pit.

The old and infirm are pitiable enough in such mummeries, for old age should have quite another homestead, adorned by the elegancies and refinements of life, but for the young and the few beautiful persons in the company, the exhibition was profoundly melancholy. You have no business, Messrs. Elders, with youth and beauty, though your grim abodes may be something between a prison and a hospital for the weak and criminal.

The exhibition ended, at last, and the company hurried to their carriages, the Shakers falling into column on their way to the "houses."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Dickens, on his visit to Lebanon, was unable to witness this ceremony. What he did see at the "office" he has left on record, but the world's people at that time were doing penance by a year's exclusion from the interior for some past mis-demeanors, and he could not enter. He sums up a pretty fair account of them from hearsay, but bears his testimony to the spirit of the institution in deservedly condemnatory language: "I do abhor," says he, "and from my soul detest that bad spirit, no matter by what class or sect it may be entertained, which would strip life of its healthful graces, rob youth of its innocent pleasures, pluck from maturity and age their pleasant ornaments, and make existence but a narrow path towards the grave; that odious spirit which, if it could have had full scope and sway upon the earth, must have blasted and made barren the imaginations of the greatest men, and left them, in their power of raising up enduring images before their fellow creatures yet unborn no better than the beasts: that in these very broad-brimmed hats and very sombre coats—in stiff-necked solemn-visaged piety, in short, no matter what its garb, whether it have cropped hair as in a Shaker village, or long nails as in a Hindoo temple—I recognise the worst among the enemies of Heaven and Earth, who turn the water at the marriage feast of this poor world, not into wine, but gall."

The spiritual condition of the Shakers ap-

pears to be a junction of extremes—utter negations with old fashioned monkery. It arises with that ancient notion of a portion of the church that the body is wholly corrupt, and that good men should live a life of pure spirit. Hence, ascetic monasticism and intemperance in the name of temperance. It is hardly to be supposed, though, that the sect, notwithstanding an occasional "vision" of the old women, and its grim mountebankery, is sustained by its religious creed. It is probably held together as a low type of associated industry. Labor alone makes it endurable for the individual or the body. It supplies to man what he most seeks, a routine of healthy work, and when the work is done there is the passion of hoarding the profits, which will shine in a miser half an hour before the death he is consciously awaiting, and find its satisfaction in swelling the coffers or adding to the acres of soulless Shakerdom.

Visions, however, of a kind of dyspeptic spirituality, the more susceptible of the sisterhood occasionally entertain, showing a blind, amorphous religious life. Their books, such as they are, contain wild legendary absurdities—of which Mormonism, so decidedly opposed to the sexual tenets of the Shakers, but not unlike, in many features of ignorant fanaticism and pursuit of temporal ends, contains exaggerated parallelisms.

We have heard of a miracle, an Irish bull of a miracle, of the sect, told of Ann Lee, their distinguished divinity, as occurring on her voyage to this country. A wild storm had arisen, and, in despair, the sailors had abandoned their duty. Ann Lee has an opportune vision. She sees the ship in safety, after its perils, and communicates the fact to the crew. They all take new courage, return to their duty and—marvellous to relate—the ship is saved.

The Shaker life, repulsive enough in many of its manifestations, the ignorance of the sect, their denial of art and refinement, the blight of the soul under their paralysed moral and social system, has yet its kindly features. Action is so manifold in the world that from good everywhere springs evil and from evil good. The mass is inextricably intermingled, so while the best man on earth may safely acknowledge that he may do much evil, it may be said of the evil that good is wrought by it. Light does not always reach us in one pure, unbroken ray.

The Shakers form a community of associated industry where, at least, the first rude wants of life—pure air, cleanliness, and a sufficiency of food are provided for. Their homes are, to this extent, a refuge for the

harassed and destitute. Many disappointed broken down men turn in thither from the buffets of the world and the irresolution of their uncontrolled passions—a safe haven and anchorage for the wreck of a troubled life. The more obvious moralities of life seem to be observed by them with faithfulness. They are honest, sober and industrious. There is a thoroughness of labor in many of their works which commands respect. Slovenly workmanship is a gross practical lie running through the world. The Shakers, limited in the extent of their manufactures, offer the best of the kind. The covers of their boxes fit, their brooms sweep, their packets of herbs are approved by the physicians, the products of their farms and dairies are sound and wholesome. This, with the fair and exact culture of their land, is a virtue before the world. Dealing simply with nature in their relations as agriculturists, in spite of constraint and their barren culture, beauty waits upon them. Their brimming water fountains by the road side, for man and beast, the cleanliness and order of their farm-yards and meadows, a certain grandeur (of a limited character) in their huge dwellings, the mountain simplicity of their retirement, are tributes to the spirit of Art. Enter their dwellings, and the floors and door mouldings of the native pine, showing every vein on its unpainted surface, would be an elegance in the cedared palaces of princes. Other features of the interior are curious. The devices for cleanliness remind the traveller of the expedients of the Dutch housewives at Broek. The glazed hard finish of the plaster walls of the large house at Hancock are as pure and fresh at the end of twenty years, as if they had been put up in the city six months since. They have been saved from the impurity of smoke by a small tunnel and pipe, set above each lamp, and leading into the chimney. A broom hangs outside of each house at the doorway. All vanity is eschewed. A tall old family clock stands in the corridor, but some gay flowers on its face had been covered with white paint. You see no flowers in the sister's rooms but a volume of unreadable theology (?) on the Second Advent, with perhaps a pair of crossed spectacles by its side on a small table.

It is a singular proof of the disrelish man has for liberty that the Shakers, renouncing the church governments and magistracies of the world, should at once submit themselves to a burdensome system of routine, restraint and espionage, by which they are converted into machines, with the rigor of a military despotism. Desiring to be free to worship in their own way and



advance their spiritual culture, they become slaves of fanaticism and bind new burdens on themselves. No sect is more cramped, maimed, or lamed. Their education goes little beyond enough reading and writing not to be cheated in their dealings with the world; they have no libraries nor literature, unless the title is allowed to a few volumes of spiritual gibberish. Their dialect is uncouth. Their speech has every country provincial vulgarity; but their vanity is blind to the imperfection, and they harangue the brilliant "world's people," the lawyers and others of New York and Boston, assembled from Columbia Hall, as if they were so many Clays and Websters.

Their system has the secret of immobility

in the midst of a world which is advancing all around them. There is no relaxation, no improvement. It was brute vulgar toil when they were poor; now that they are rich, it is brute vulgar toil still. They might, one would think, be bachelors and old maids, without sacrificing all the graces of life. Such however may be the necessary tendency of separation of the sexes—in which they demonstrate the fallacy of their own creed, and prove, conclusively, that it is not good for man to be alone.

Strange that the founder and patron saint of these misogynists should be a woman—that there should be a species of Marian worship in their Monastery. E. A. D.

#### DE HAAS'S WESTERN VIRGINIA.

"THE early history of the West is full of most lively interest to readers, both at home and abroad; and that which relates to Western Virginia and its borders is so in an especial degree. Here it was that WASHINGTON received those severe lessons in war which prepared him for the great achievements he so gloriously performed in after life, and here was struck the first great blow in the struggle for American Independence." Here, too, was formed, in an especial manner, that hardihood of character, daring, personal independence which was to be the type of advancing American civilization to the borders of the Pacific. Every incident of Indian warfare may be studied in the adventures of the bands of emigrants to the banks of the Ohio. They are mingled, too, with the pomp of European warfare. The personal prowess of the first scattered bands of settlers yields to the general conflict with tribes directed by the organized agencies of Great Britain—the darkest stain upon her American administration.

Mr. De Haas, a gentleman of Virginia, has occupied himself with the illustration of this period. His book on the Early Settlement and Indian Wars of Western Virginia is an acceptable contribution to the historical material of the times. It is prepared with method and industry; the little known local chronicles have been freely used; information has been gathered from correspondence, and other original sources. It is a useful and entertaining compilation. The wood-cuts, interspersed here and there, are rather of a miscellaneous character; but they are not out of place in a work of this kind. We do not desire a Western chroni-

cle to be presented exactly in the court dress of a polite history.

In the military movements of that region, the eye first singles out the youthful form of Col. Washington. At the disastrous defeat of Braddock he seems to bear a charmed life.

"On that disastrous day, the military genius of Washington shone forth with much of that splendor which afterwards made him so illustrious. Two aids of Braddock had fallen, and therefore upon Washington alone devolved the duty of distributing orders. 'Men were falling thick and fast, yet regardless of danger he spurred on his steed, galloping here and there through the field of blood. At length his horse sunk under him; a second was procured, and pressing amid the throng, sent his calm and resolute voice among the frightened ranks, but without avail. A second horse fell beneath him, and he leaped to the saddle of a third, while the bullets rained like hailstones about him.' Four passed through his coat, without inflicting the slightest wound, showing clearly that a stronger hand than that of man's protected the body at which they had been aimed. An eye-witness says, he expected every moment to see him fall, as his duty exposed him to the most imminent danger. An Indian warrior was often afterwards heard to say, that Washington was not born to be shot, as he had fired seventeen times at his person without success.

"The courage, energy, bravery, and skill displayed by Washington on this occasion marked him as possessed of the highest order of military talents. Just from a bed of sickness, yet forgetting his infirmities, he pushed through the panic-stricken crowd, and his bright sword could be seen pointing in every direction, as he distributed the orders of his commander.

"At last, when

"— Hapless Braddock met his destined fall, the noble Virginia aid, with his provincial troops, who had been held in so much contempt by the haughty and presumptuous general, *covered the retreat*, and saved the remnant of the army from annihilation.

"At the fall of Braddock, Washington, with Capt. Stuart of the Virginia Guards, hastened to his relief, and bore him from the field of his inglorious defeat, in the sash which had decorated his person."

This sash, thus alluded to, has another recent and melancholy interest. It passed, in military sequence, into the hands of Gen. Taylor. The curious history is thus preserved by Mr. De Haas:

"The identical sash worn by Braddock at the time of his defeat, and in which he was borne from the field bleeding and dying, recently passed into the hands of one of America's greatest and most successful generals.

"It appears that the sash referred to some years since became the property of a gentleman at New Orleans.

"After the brilliant achievement on the Rio Grande in 1846, the owner of the relic forwarded it to Gen. Gaines, with a request that it might be presented to the officer who most distinguished himself on that occasion. The old general promptly sent it by special messenger to the Commander-in-Chief.

"The person who bore it thus speaks of the presentation and interview. 'General Taylor took the sash and examined it attentively. It was of unusual size, being quite as large, when extended, as a common hammock. In the meshes of the splendid red silk that composed it, was the date of its manufacture, "1707," and although it was one hundred and forty years old, save where the dark spots, that were stained with the blood of the hero who wore it, it glistened as brightly as if it had just come from the loom.

"Upon the unusual size of the sash being noticed, Gen. Worth, who had joined the party in the tent, mentioned that such was the old-fashioned style; and that the soldier's sash was intended to carry, if necessary, the wearer from off the field of battle. It was mentioned in the conversation, that after Gen. Ripley was wounded at Lundy's Lane, his sash, similar in form, was used as a hammock to bear him from the field, and that in it he was carried several miles, his body swaying to and fro between the horses, to which the ends of the sash were securely fastened. To a wounded soldier no conveyance could be more grateful, or more appropriate.

"Gen. Taylor broke the silent admiration, by saying he would not receive the sash. Upon our expressing surprise, he continued, that he did not think he should receive presents until the campaign, so far as he was concerned, was finished. He elaborated on the impropriety of

naming children after living men, fearing lest the thus honored might disgrace their namesakes. We urged his acceptance of the present; and he said, finally, that he would put it carefully away in his military chest, and if he thought he deserved so great a compliment, at the end of the campaign, he would acknowledge the receipt."

"The stirring events that have transpired since he made that remark, have added the laurels of Monterey to those he then wore; and the world, as well as the donors of that sash, will insist upon his acceptance of it.

"Since writing the above, the old chieftain himself has passed from the living to the dead. He died—a singular coincidence—on the anniversary of that terrible event, the defeat of Braddock. But a few weeks previous to his death, the author, then on a visit to Washington, freely conversed with the distinguished chieftain upon the very subject about which we have been writing. He said that the sash referred to was still in his possession, and at any time we desired it, would have it shown. Knowing that matters of state pressed heavily upon him, we did not ask it at that time; and thus, perhaps, the opportunity has been lost for ever; certainly deprived of one of its most interesting features—to be seen in the hands of General Taylor. During the interview referred to, he spoke much and frequently of Washington's early operations in the West, and inquired whether any of the remains of Fort Necessity could be seen."

The great defect of Braddock in this battle, as is well known, was his neglect of the usual Indian methods of warfare. He appears to have been a daring, undoubtedly courageous, officer of the old "blood and thunder" school; but his sacrifice of the lives of his men and officers was fearful. Mr. De Haas maintains, as an unquestionable point of history, that he fell by a shot from one of his own men. His memoranda of the event are striking:

"In the ranks of Braddock were two brothers, Joseph and Thomas Fausett, or *Fawcett*; the first a commissioned, and the latter a non-commissioned officer. One of them ('Tom Fausett'), the Hon. Andrew Stewart of Uniontown says, he knew very well, and often conversed with him about early times. 'He did not hesitate to own, in the presence of his friends, that he shot Braddock.' The circumstances, perhaps, were briefly these. Regardless of Gen. Braddock's positive and foolish orders that the troops should not protect themselves behind trees, Joseph Fausett had so posted himself, which Braddock discovering, rode up, and struck him down with his sword. Tom Fausett, who stood but a short distance from his brother, saw the whole transaction, and immediately drew up his rifle, and shot him through the body. This, as he afterwards said, was partly out of revenge for B.'s assault upon his brother, and partly to

get the general out of the way, and thus save the remnant of the army.

"In addition to the above, we may give the statement of a correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who seems to have been familiar with the facts. 'When my father was removing with his family to the West, one of the Fausett's kept a public house to the eastward from, and near where Uniontown now stands. This man's house we lodged in about the 10th of Oct., 1781, twenty-six years and a few months after Braddock's defeat; and then it was made anything but a secret, that one of the family dealt the death-blow to the British general. Thirteen years afterwards I met Thomas Fausett, then, as he told me, in his 70th year. To him I put the plain question, and received the plain reply, "*I did shoot him.*" I never heard the fact doubted or blamed, that Fausett killed Braddock.'

"Mr. Watson (Annals of the Olden Time, vol. i. pp. 141-2) says, that in 1833 he met William Butler, a private in the Pennsylvania Greens at the defeat of Braddock. 'I asked him, *particularly, who killed Braddock?* and he answered promptly, one *Fausett*, brother of one whom Braddock had killed in a passion.' In 1830, Butler saw Fausett near Carlisle, where he had gone on a visit to his daughter. The Millerstown (Perry county, Pa.) Gazette, of 1830, speaks of Butler being there, and in company with an aged soldier in that town, 'who had been in Braddock's defeat, and that both concurred in saying that Braddock had been shot by Fausett.'

"A Minister of the M. E. Church, writing to the Christian Advocate, says: 'The old man died at the age of one hundred and fourteen years, in 1828, who killed Braddock.' The Newburyport Herald of 1842 declares its acquaintance with Daniel Adams, an old soldier of that place, aged 82, who confirmed the shooting of Braddock by one of his own men.

"'Braddock wore a coat of mail in front, which turned balls fired in front, *but he was shot in the back, and the ball was found stopped in front by the coat of mail.*' The venerable William Darby, of Washington City, has recently stated to the author that, during his early days, he never heard it doubted that Fausett had killed Braddock. It seems a generally conceded fact, and most of the settlers were disposed to applaud the act."

The record of the successive military posts and movements is given with clearness; and in one, not the least interesting chapter of the work, the personal incidents of this great Western settlement are chronicled by years, from 1775 to 1795. The story thus presented throws a strong light on the relations of the Indian and the white man, and explains, if it does not altogether sanction, the constant sanguinary scenes of the period. It is an entangled web of treachery and massacre, from which, especially after the hireling murders by the savage, of the wars of

the Revolution, there appears no escape but the annihilation of either party. We may sigh over the barbarity of separate acts of the white man, but we seem compelled to acknowledge the fatality of the general movement of destruction. The array of Indian murders is terrific, aggravated by every device of savage cruelty—and long as the list is, we must remember that it contains but the occasional triumphs over a most courageous and noble body of men, women, and children, who knew how to protect themselves in the stern life of the forest. If such was the fate of the brave and warlike, what would have been the lot of the weak and timid? Verily, the heroic age is not wanting for America. It is written in the colonial settlement, and in every county of the valley of the Mississippi. When it is fairly reproduced in history, poetry, and art, before the future luxurious civilization of America, it will indeed appear colossal.

An interesting portion of this work is taken up with sketches of the manners of the first settlers, in the style of Mrs. Grant's pictures of the Hudson, in her Memoirs of an American Lady. They are quoted from a local volume by Dr. Doddridge. This was the primitive manner in which was celebrated that important affair,

#### THE WEDDING.

"For a long time after the first settlement of this country, the inhabitants in general married young. There was no distinction of rank, and very little of fortune. On these accounts, the first impression of love resulted in marriage; and a family establishment cost but a little labor, and nothing else.

"A description of a wedding from the beginning to the end, will serve to show the manners of our forefathers, and mark the grade of civilization which has succeeded to their rude state of society in the course of a few years.

"In the first years of the settlement of the country, a wedding engaged the attention of a whole neighborhood; and the frolic was anticipated by old and young with eager expectation. This is not to be wondered at, when it is told that a wedding was almost the only gathering which was not accompanied with the labor of reaping, log-rolling, building a cabin, or planning some scout or campaign.

"On the morning of the wedding-day, the groom and his attendants assembled at the house of his father, for the purpose of reaching the home of his bride by noon, which was the usual time for celebrating the nuptials; and which, for certain reasons, must take place before dinner.

"Let the reader imagine an assemblage of people, without a store, tailor, or mantuamaker within a hundred miles; and an assemblage of horses, without a blacksmith or saddler within an equal distance. The gentlemen dressed in



shoe-packs, moccasins, leather breeches, leggins, linsey hunting shirts, and all home-made. The ladies dressed in linsey petticoats and linsey or linen bed gowns, coarse shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, and bukskin gloves, if any. If there were any buckles, rings, buttons, or ruffles, they were the relics of olden times; family pieces from parents or grandparents. The horses were caparisoned with old saddles, old bridles or halters, and pack-saddles, with a bag or blanket thrown over them: a rope or string as often constituted the girth as a piece of leather.

"The march, in double-file, was often interrupted by the narrowness and obstructions of our horse-paths, as they were called, for we had no roads; and these difficulties were often increased, sometimes by the good, and sometimes by the ill will of neighbors, by falling trees, and tying grape-vines across the way. Sometimes an ambuscade was formed by the wayside, and an unexpected discharge of several guns took place, so as to cover the wedding company with smoke. Let the reader imagine the scene which followed this discharge; the sudden spring of the horses, the shrieks of the girls, and the chivalrous bustle of their partners to save them from falling. Sometimes, in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, some were thrown to the ground. If a wrist, elbow, or ankle happened to be sprained, it was tied with a handkerchief, and little more was thought or said about it.

"The ceremony of the marriage preceded the dinner, which was a substantial backwoods feast of beef, pork, fowls, and sometimes venison and bear meat, roasted and broiled, with plenty of potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables. During the dinner the greatest hilarity always prevailed; although the table might be a large slab of timber, hewed out with a broad axe, supported by four sticks set in auger holes; and the furniture, some old pewter dishes, and plates; the rest, wooden bowls and trenchers; a few pewter spoons, much battered about the edges, were seen at some tables. The rest were made of horns. If knives were scarce, the deficiency was made up by the scalping knives, which were carried in sheaths suspended to the belt of the hunting shirt. Every man carried one of them.

"After dinner the dancing commenced, and generally lasted till the next morning. The figures of the dances were three and four-handed reels, or square sets, and jigs. The commencement was always a square four, which was followed by what was called jigging it off; that is, two of the four would single out for a jig, and were followed by the remaining couple. The jigs were often accompanied with what was called cutting out; that is, when either of the

parties became tired of the dance, on intimation the place was supplied by some one of the company without any interruption to the dance. In this way a dance was often continued till the musician was heartily tired of his situation. Towards the latter part of the night, if any of the company, through weariness, attempted to conceal themselves, for the purpose of sleeping, they were hunted up, paraded on the floor, and the fiddler ordered to play 'Hang out till to-morrow morning.'

"About nine or ten o'clock, a deputation of the young ladies stole off the bride, and put her to bed. In doing this, it frequently happened that they had to ascend a ladder instead of a pair of stairs, leading from the dining and ball room to the loft, the floor of which was made of clapboards lying loose. This ascent, one might think, would put the bride and her attendants to the blush; but as the foot of the ladder was commonly behind the door, which was purposely opened for the occasion, and its rounds at the inner ends were well hung with hunting shirts, dresses, and other articles of clothing, the candles being on the opposite side of the house, the exit of the bride was noticed but by few. This done, a deputation of young men in like manner stole off the groom, and placed him snugly by the side of his bride. The dance still continued; and if seats happened to be scarce, which was often the case, every young man, when not engaged in the dance, was obliged to offer his lap as a seat for one of the girls; and the offer was sure to be accepted. In the midst of this hilarity the bride and groom were not forgotten. Pretty late in the night, some one would remind the company that the new couple must stand in need of some refreshment; *black Betty*, which was the name of the bottle, was called for, and sent up the ladder; but sometimes *black Betty* did not go alone; I have many times seen as much bread, beef, pork, and cabbage sent along as would afford a good meal for half a dozen hungry men. The young couple were compelled to eat and drink, more or less, of whatever was offered.

"But to return. It often happened that some neighbors or relations, not being asked to the wedding, took offence; and the mode of revenge adopted by them on such occasions, was that of cutting off the manes, foretops, and tails of the horses of the wedding company.

"On returning to the infare, the order of procession, and the race for *black Betty* was the same as before. The feasting and dancing often lasted several days, at the end of which the whole company were so exhausted with loss of sleep, that many days' rest were requisite to fit them to return to their ordinary labors."

## HOW I SPOILED MY COMPLEXION.

## AN AUGUST INTERLUDE.

## PART II.—HOW I GOT ON IN THE COUNTRY.

If I was not P. P.—as I was saying when the Printer's Devil chose to cut me off on page 112—I had gained four limp cards upon whose dingy surface were inscribed as many names of those very officious colored gentlemen who snatch at everything that is brought on board, at the rate of twenty-five cents per package. Like a drum before a naval engagement, I was fairly beat to quarters.

A confused ringing of bells, wrangling of waiters, swearing of jarvies, shaking of hands; the captain jumps on the paddle-box and cries out, "all ashore that's going"—the best rendering extant for "*lucus a non lucendo*;" the plank hauled out, the hauser drawn in, and we are off. We pass the Battery, Corlaer's Hook, Blackwell's Island and Hell Gate, Throg's Neck and Sands Point, and arrive at—supper.

A steamboat supper! with everything cold but the butter and ice-water, which two liquids are lachrymosely lukewarm; with everything thin but the coffee; with its extremely attenuated specimens of dunghill ornithology, its birds burnt black reposing in affectionate confidence upon a piece of white toast, its waiters always coming but never come, its hurry and confusion—Who shall describe it? Not I.

As I crawled out of the railroad car, a figure met my admiring gaze. Something intended for a hat, with a brim so narrow as to be only perceptible upon the closest scrutiny, was perched upon a head of lank hair and rested in quiet complacency on a coat-collar of colossal height. The coat that owned the said collar was deeply, darkly—I regret that I cannot add beautifully—blue; it was adorned with very minute brass buttons of the bell or rather sugar-loaf variety; its tail almost swept the ground, and its waist was in fearful proximity with the man's shoulder blades. A shirt collar upon terms of intimacy with the hat—it had *scraped* the latter's acquaintance long since; a vest of some unknown fabric, that descended almost to the arm-pits; a pair of snuff-colored pants, evidently of an aspiring turn of mind, and a soul at least half an inch above boots, and only to be kept near the last by strings of leather, intended for and doing duty as straps; and boots of the choicest and thickest cowhide, greased and black-balled to admiration, completed the attire. As for the man himself, corporeally, he

seemed to be all nose; not that that feature itself was of such enormous proportions—Slawkenbrugius might have given it at least two lines and beat it—but all the rest of the countenance appeared to be on the point of running into it. I have noticed this peculiarity among some Down-Easters before, and attribute it to the fact of the owner's being so much in the habit of poking his proboscis into every man's business, scenting out sixpences, and what his neighbor has for dinner, that the said feature finally obtains complete mastery over all the rest, and they bow down and approach as near as possible to their leader. It is as useful to the man as is the jack-staff to the steamboat—both steer by it. A true Down-Easter always follows his nose.

"Pray sir," said I, addressing my Eastern Ovid, "can you tell me how far it is to Mr. Blank's?"

"Wall, I kinder guess your boat got sorter behind the light-house last night, and ye missed the arly train," was the reply, if it may be called so.

Once again to the breach, thought I, and so after responding to *his* query I reiterated *mine*.

"Why, I guess you must be his cousin from Yark, beent ye? How's the yallar fever ta Yark *now*?" was all that I got this time, but upon the whole I was rather gratified at the question about the fever, because I knew that at a certain distance from the Empire city an opinion is prevalent that the "*vomito*" is one of our regular inhabitants, and is included in the Census.

This point I had evidently reached, and I hoped to refresh myself in the contemplation of rustic simplicity and innocence.

As I was pondering, and just as my new friend had opened his mouth to continue his catechism, a person who had overheard my question, stepped up and said:

"I'll take ye there for thirty-seven and a half cents."

I closed with the offer immediately, and Squire Jinkens, lawyer, storekeeper, farmer, and the richest man in the county, drove me off to my destination in fine style. When I alighted I handed the gentleman a one dollar bill. His mode of making change was equally ingenious and satisfactory. From an old shot pouch he drew forth five dimes, and laying one of each upon two cents,

handed them to me as five *ninepences*—he called them—pronounced it just right; said he guessed that I had best lift my trunk out, and when I had done so, offered to carry it in the house for fourpence more, which offer I declined, then hitched his horses and preceding me, announced my arrival, made himself perfectly at home, asked for a glass of cider, drank it, a piece of pie, eat it, concluded that his horses must be hungry, and accepted an offer to “put them up and feed,” staid to dinner, monopolized all the conversation, and just as I was upon the extreme verge of despair, remembered that a meeting of the directors of the Bank of which he was President was to come off in half an hour, arose, shook hands all around, laughed, and saying that he didn’t see how he could make any more out of us just *now*—took his departure.

I felt jaded, fatigued, worn down, but my friend Blank would have me out to look at his barn and his cattle. In vain I insisted that I neither knew nor cared anything about beef—except upon the table; he quoted half a dozen lines from the “*Bucolics*,” said that it was high time I did then, and so out we marched. He showed me a pair of the finest cattle in the State—so he said. As I was walking around them, endeavoring to work myself up into a proper state of admiration, I entirely ruined a pair of Paris *botles verni*, and seriously damaged my new fawn-colored pants by walking carelessly into a heap of—something that seemed to grow plentifully about there.

I was then paraded over some of his fields, and that afternoon my hitherto slender stock of agricultural experience received some large additions. My friend, who was a bit of a wag, informed me that the mode of farming now in vogue was in the summer months not unlike the declination of a Greek article. First they hoe among the corn, then they hay among the grass, and then they toe after the plough.

I learned that besides the common wheat, there was a buckwheat—so called on account of its spruce appearance for a few short weeks, its perfumed head and bunches of flowers. Like all other bucks, however, it goes to seed very soon, and is then cut and trampled upon. My friend also exhibited to me a very fine ox-yoke, made he said of an apple-log, but having nothing of the Oriental fable in its formation. I was introduced to the pig-sty, and beheld a number of very uncomfortably fat porcine specimens rolling to their heart’s content in mud as black and odorous as that in which Prince Bladud’s friend whilom delighted.

While we were contemplating this plea-

sant sight, and inhaling the delicious aroma that pervaded the residence of this uncommonly interesting variety of animated nature, a stranger with a very pleasing countenance, surrounded by an immense pair of coal black whiskers, made his appearance, and after duly praising the swine—whereon my friend replied, “that if he had any pride it was in his pigs,”—made known his business and then courteously bid us good day.

There was so charming an air of simplicity and good nature about the man that I was delighted.

Here, said I, is one of those genuine rustic swains that seem born to wake the old woods and astonish their woolly flocks with the dulcet strains and wild notes of their sweet-voiced pipe; to breathe their rude, yet gentle love song into the ears of some rosy-cheeked and ruby-lipped Amaryllis, to—“Hold hard there,” interrupted Blank, “my friend Simon, instead of being the soft-hearted creature you have described, is at this moment the superintendant of two large factories, where he keeps the boys and girls in order and makes them walk the chalk, I assure you.” He knows of no use for a pipe but to smoke it, and as for the “dulcet strains,” would think those a dull set, indeed, who could admire them. He never astonishes woolly flocks, but he did an old wool manufacturer who endeavored to steal a march upon him the other day. Simon’s employer and Mr. G. were at feud about a water privilege, and Mr. G. stole quietly up the stream to the factory at noon and sent some of his men, who were with him, into the covered ditch that runs under both buildings; his object being to see how high the water came upon the wheel.

The question at issue concerned the backing up of the water from a lower pond, that at this time was pretty well drawn down, and if these witnesses could find that the wheel was not then obstructed by back water, he might gain his cause. It was an ugly and not over safe place to crawl in, but dollars were at stake and so the men, followed by Mr. G., took the chances. A boy had seen the party enter and ran to inform Simon of it.

“They want to know how much water there is in the ditch, do they?” said Simon. “Well, I’ll accommodate ’em,” and he did. Walking quietly to the floom, he raised the gate, and a torrent of very unexpected and unwelcome water rushed upon the spies and their employer. They emerged as soon as convenient, half drowned and as wet as rats, and were greeted by the repeated cheers of the assembled operatives of the factory. G



lost his case, but although the damages were heavy, they were as nothing to the ridiculous checkmate that Simon put upon him. Simple hearted rustic, indeed!

I now plead hard for permission to return home, but no; I must go into the turnip-patch, and there my friend bored me with drills, then—as honest John Bunyan hath it—he “had” me into another field and among a perfect *maze* of corn. Here I learned something that I sincerely regret, and considerably more than I bargained for. I saw numbers of mushrooms rearing their delicate, fawn-colored parasols, lined with dainty pink, and innocently asked how they happened to grow there. I was told, and—have not wanted any mushrooms since.

At last my friend was satisfied, and consoling myself for the *désagréments* of the day, with the notion that on the morrow I should commence enjoying myself upon my own philosophic plans, after a hasty cup of tea, to bed I went, and was sound asleep on the instant.

I was to be aroused, the reader will please remember, by the carols of a thousand birds, I *was* by the chattering and clattering of a million. It seemed to me that the chimney had swallowed all the swallows in the country, and none were to be had elsewhere at any price. Their music was not of the kind that I anticipated, and sleepy as I was, their chanting was anything but enchanting to me.

After a while becoming a little accustomed to their racket, I was just dropping off into a delicious little doze, when a legion of flies made their appearance and began to regale themselves upon my countenance. Then the turkeys, and geese, ducks, peafowls, guineas, hens and chickens attached to the establishment commenced operations, and made a far greater noise and confusion than ever amazed poor General Cass at Cleveland.

Making a merit of necessity, up I jumped and prepared for my “early morning’s walk.” Everything looked bright and beautiful, but before I had gone ten rods my thin gaiter boots were so entirely soaked through with the dew that I wished the sun had kissed it off before I had put my feet in it. I turned into the barn-yard, where men and maids were tugging away in an extremely ludicrous manner at a number of very patient cows, that all seemed to be very busily engaged in masticating their breakfasts, although I could not for the life of me see that there was anything before them to eat. I requested a bowl of the foaming milk; it was given me, but before I had imbibed a dozen swallows, a kind of dry-

land sea-sickness seized on me, my stomach turned and I returned the beverage with usurious interest.

My appetite for breakfast was utterly ruined, and I barely managed to drink a cup of some very dubious mixture, which my hostess termed coffee. I now set forth upon my post-prandial stroll, and after walking awhile, found a “monarch of the woods” just to my mind; so, lighting a cigar, down I sat, but sat not long. A busy hum, rather unlike in cause and effect to the busy hum of men, smote my ear; something else smote me somewhere else, and I jumped up as smartly as if I had received an electric shock.

There exists in most parts of our fair country a small but exceedingly valorous variety of the hornet, that live in the ground, wear bright yellow jackets, and are very interesting to naturalists.

I have no doubt but that I should have been extremely delighted to have seen and examined them at a fitting time, and in a suitable manner, but this informal, self-introduction of an entire family was rather too much, and I fled, the insects accompanying me some distance, and forcing upon me their unsolicited attentions.

I contented myself in the house until time for dinner, and having eaten no breakfast, I was prepared to do my duty. I do not like to find fault with a friend’s table, nor is it my intention so to do, but I must say that the meats mostly in vogue in the country are very juvenile in their nature, and unsatisfactory in their tendency. The changes are rung, from day to day, upon exceedingly diminutive lamb and very immature veal, and nothing else can be had—so my friend informed me—for love or money. I ate very heartily of the peas and asparagus, and praised their delicious country freshness, when my friend informed me that they had been my companions in boat and car, and that farmers had no time to spare from their fields to waste upon gardening; that a few common vegetables were cultivated, but that he depended upon the New York market for his occasional luxuries in this particular line; and for peas, asparagus, strawberries, and peaches, it was cheaper and better for him to obtain them thus, than from his own orchard or garden.

I went out for a walk in the afternoon, and as I had encamped upon a yellow-jacket’s nest in the morning, by way of symmetry, I suppose—as Paul Jones’s father is reported to have said—I sat down on a harmless, but rather unpleasant-looking snake. If mother Eve ever was tempted by anything in his likeness, she must have been—

but there's no accounting for a woman's taste. His snakeship did not like my performance, so he hissed, or at least he put out a tongue in two parts at me. I did not like his company, and so took a very unceremonious leave of him. I then clambered over the fence into a pasture, where I espied a fine drove of cattle, whose appearance I admired. The admiration was not mutual; a fatherly-looking bull made so savage a demonstration that I was forced into the opinion that I had committed a bull *myself*, by intruding where I evidently was *de trop*. I withdrew with more speed than grace, and in so doing ruined another pair of pants. Rents were more frequent about them than tenants. I went home again, ate my supper, and retired to my room to write. Before I had dipped my pen in ink a huge bat extinguished my light, and a monstrous and evil-minded horn bug came suddenly in violent contact with my head, and dislodged every particle of poetry for the night. I was forced to retreat to my bed, where I slept until very early morning, again renewed the torments of swallows, hens, and turkeys. The history of my first day's experience will, with some slight variation, answer for all the rest.

As soon as common decency would permit I left, and in an insane manner devoted all of my energies to travelling. I was smoked and choked, strangled and mangled, had large holes burned in my habiliments by locomotive sparks, swallowed in haste the peck of dust that it is said every one is predestined to eat, and one night in my crossing the country came in contact with the *rus in urbe* town or city of Worcester.

"Can a man get anything to eat here except lamb and veal?" I asked of the conductor.

"Yes, indeed, sir," was the reply; "two

excellent hotels, 'American' and 'Worcester House.'"

"Here's the American, ride up, sir, temperance house, sir," sung out a rural jarvey at this moment.

"No, indeed, my friend, temperance is an excellent thing, but I don't admire it in hotels. It's a kind of stock in trade that costs the proprietor nothing, but guests invariably have to pay dearly for it in purse and stomach. No, I am for the Worcester House." *Oh, dies faustus!* oh, lucky choice! Had Captain Riley in his desert tour, almost dying from thirst, suddenly come upon Taylor's ice cream and soda shop, he could not have been more astonished and delighted than I was with the *petit souper* that was hurried up for me. Such rolls, such coffee, such a steak. Shade of Apicius!—but I forget, Apicius had ceased eating long ere the blessed monk burned his fingers in cooking his supper, and thereby hit upon that greatest of human discoveries—since sleep—the beefsteak. The grateful flavor of that supper, and the subsequent breakfast, is yet green in my memory, and long will it so remain.

My travels have ended, the comforts of the Worcester House recalled those of my own city home, and to it I hastened, perfectly satisfied with my rural experience, a sadder and a wiser man. —

"But about your complexion, how was that spoiled?"

"Oh, I forgot, I went 'a fishing.'"

"And caught?"

"The worst headache I have ever had, three shiners and my middle finger; I paid the doctor a dollar to cut the hook out."

P. P.

#### MY HARP.

I've heard that unto angels bright,  
Whose crystal home is heaven,  
Where dawns an endless day of light,  
Such golden harps are given.  
Take back the gift thou'st brought to me,  
Not mine to touch the prize;  
I am of earth, though fain I'd be  
An angel in thine eyes.

Columbia, Tenn.

I am of earth! a faulty thing!  
Scarce worthy of thy love;  
To earthly joys my soul doth cling,  
Such souls are not above.  
I'll take thy harp! when far away,  
No sacrilege 'twill be,  
To touch the strings, if I can say,  
An angel gave it me.

J. M. A.

## KATE HERKIMER'S TROUBLES. ]

BY SUSY L——.

## CHAPTER II.

*Kate's Note to Eerrith.*

N—, June, 12, 1851.

"I SEND home the magazines Lucien borrowed of you. I told him not to say when he borrowed them that they were for me; and I will tell you plainly why. Then there will be a clear understanding between us; and an end, moreover, of this annoyance that comes to me whenever I would borrow your books, or invite you over here, or say to you, when you are here, and, as I know, willing to remain. 'No; stay here where you are, Eerrith. See how charming it is here in the shade; and think how hot it is in your little coop of an office! Feel what delicious coolness is here in the sea-breeze, and beneath the old trees and vines.' I am thinking that I can say this in peace, borrow your books in peace, and be glad to see you when you come in peace, if you and others will distinctly understand that, although at twenty-eight, I am still 'in the market,' as the phrase goes among men—to all outside appearances, that is, although I do like conversation of yourself and all good, strong-minded men, better than that of the majority of women—and doubtless show oftentimes that I do, in spite of my pains-taking to the contrary; although I do put my hand out eagerly to you when we meet, and show you unequivocally that I am glad when you come and regretful when you go; still, I am sure I would not marry you if you were made of gold; and quite as sure that neither would you marry me if I were made of diamonds. Because I know as well as any one, how old, eccentric, and not in the least agreeable I am; and because I *cannot*, in the very condition of my organisation, love a man or woman with all my heart who does not approach me through my benevolence. For you see this faculty goes up above all the rest, and lords it over them and me completely; so that I shall never be able to love, shall never marry one who has not about him something pitiable, who does not come poor, or sick, or sorrowful, or all of these, and in need of a kind, self-forgetful soul to take care of him. And, as my friends and the world would raise all sorts of despairing exclamations over my marriage to such a one—the only right and possible one for me, understand—it follows that I shall

keep myself, for all the troubled everywhere about me, and be worried and tearful for them all, when they are worried and tearful. I will read your magazines; and when I send for them don't imagine that I shall kiss them when they come, because they have just left *your* hands. If I make a crotchet here, and a little annotation there, in the margin, as I am sometimes almost irresistibly inclined to do as I read, don't study the crotchets, as if they were hieroglyphics, nor the words, as if they were significant, little, one-sided love-inuendoes. If you do it, I shall read it in your air when you come, and be heartily provoked. And, furthermore, if I show myself ever so glad to see you, ever so much interested in your interests, ever so well pleased over your successes, don't think that my heart is melting, and that I am laying it close by yours, that yours may be melted too. No! for this would be absurd in you, and unjust to myself. It would grieve me half to pieces; and I should go away and fold my hands in a sort of numb despair, murmuring—'Oh dear me! I shall certainly now marry the first poor old soul that comes along; and then I can have some comfort. Then I can have the uninterrupted friendship of good and sensible men, as now I have of good and sensible women. I tell you, Eerrith! if you are ever bid of a sudden to my wedding, and if you see me come to the altar with an old man, lame of one foot, and with a crooked wrist, without beauty, or genius, or even any marked talent, but deeply and quietly sensible, looking to me for comfort—and glad to look to me—proud to be leaning on my arm and listening to me, proud of the excellent friends I bring to my side (bachelor friends not less than benedicts, bless him!)—if you see this sort of man with me at the altar (the only sort of man, mark me, that Benevolence will allow *me* to marry), then look back, and see if you didn't some time help drive me to this. See if you didn't one day think that I was entranced with you, and show me, at the same time, that you thought so. I suppose you will come over next week with Lucien. Bring me something to read—something well worth reading; a review or two, or something of Carlyle's.

"Thus prayeth thy friend,

"KATE HERKIMER."



## CHAPTER III.

*Kate Herkimer to Susy.*

N—, June 25th.

"The Gracchi are here; but I have little peace with Eerrith, who has, after all I have written, his old way of putting an inquisition on all my sisterly sayings and doings, so that I sigh after you every hour, and say inwardly—'If Susy had staid! If she were only here with her lively sympathies and ready invention, and her husband, with his noble friendlings, that never fail to make me feel how great and good it is possible for us to be here, buffeted and plagued although we are! and the little India rubber thing, whose sweet voice can drive every thing wicked and unhappy out of one!'"

"I fear you will think me a poor egotist, magnifying my light afflictions in this way, as if I were forgetful of the ten thousand times greater ones so many of my fellows are enduring patiently this moment that I write. But you will not, will you? for you know, as I and a great multitude do, that want of bread and of warmth, sickness, death, and deep sinfulness are not by far the only conditions of life into which sharp suffering makes its way. You see, I long that sincerity and truth may come into all my looks, and words, and ways; that my life may be as clear and beautiful as the summer brook. And then I long that others may appreciate this quality in me; especially that Eerrish may, since he comes here so often; for then we should be truly united and happy, without one thought of falling in love and getting married coming into our heads. I can readily conceive how pleasant such a friendship might be, he is so good and talented!"

"The first day of their visit passed off very well, so much was going on! so many came to see them! and, besides, they were on the wing, going and coming. At night he went out into the garden, and Eerrish and I stood in the door of the summer-house to see the sunset through the trees. We were alone, for uncle and aunt turned with tired steps toward the house, just as young Palmer came along, and Lucien jumped over the paling to join him, on the sidewalk. It was a beautiful evening; I was happy and grateful; and I talked out of the fullness of my heart, as I would have done to you and your husband. How was it with Eerrish, think you? Why, he looked into my face as if hearing he heard not, and then gently took my hand into his, and played with my fingers. I would not, at first, attend to this; I would let my hand go, as a visitor might, and talk on. But he

never heard me, for the growing ardor over my fingers. He soon had them at his lips, playing with them there, and softly kissing them. Well, I began to go into despair over this, choking right here in my throat; and I was ready to weep that, after all I could say and do, things could never go right. I felt ready to sink of grief, and, I know, was pale as a ghost. Upon this, still holding my hand in his, he let his other arm slide round my waist, and brought me nearer to him. Oh dear! then I could have sobbed my life all out there on the spot. Then in a moment I was a little indignant, so far indignant that I felt my strength and resolution come. I took myself, soul and body, utterly to myself, saying, quietly, 'there is a green worm eating aunt's oleander. I wish you would kill it.' He followed me to the oleander like one dreaming; and, having made a burial of the green worm, followed me to the parlor in the same way, where, luckily, as uncle and aunt had already retired to their room, we found Lucien and young Palmer sitting.

"Since, I go about pale and without spirit or appetite. Neither has Eerrish much animation, so that it would be stupid indeed here, if it were not that so many come and go; and that Lucien, who sees nothing of what goes on, is so merry.

"I never sit or stand now at Eerrish's side; or look at him, but when I must offer him something at table, or when he speaks to me directly, a thing he does not often do. I think I see, however, that he is as ill at ease as myself. Last evening, as we sat in silence, while Lucien looked over the 'Mail,' while I tried to read 'Emerson's Politics,' judging it no better than so much Hebrew to me, and Eerrish walked across the room, he stopped before Lucien and said, 'I think I must go to-morrow morning, Herkimer. We have staid quite long enough.'

"'Not to-morrow, man!' said cousin Lucien, with a surprised look. 'Day after to-morrow we are engaged to the old gentleman of the sea, down yonder, you remember. Next day I will be ready, first train, if you wish. Katey, to-morrow we will try the old scollop shell. What a ghostly thing you are, child! I will certainly throw you into the sea. We will see if the old color can come to your face, and the old mocking words to your tongue. Would not you throw her into the sea, Eerrish?'"

"Eerrish looked at me, and smiled faintly.

"'But come, old fellow,' resumed Lucien, throwing away his paper, and clapping his hand on Eerrish's shoulder, 'let's go to bed!' And singing scraps of a serenade, he bowed himself and Eerrish out of the parlor.

"To-day I have written to aunt Ruth; I have written this long letter to you, so that I have not been much below. Eerrish, too, has been busy writing letters; for Lucien has had his head and hands full of arrangements for the morrow. Uncle took him out this afternoon to call on some grave old gentleman; aunt edified him a little with my praises, as I overheard on my way down stairs; but I fear he has had a comfortless day. I presume he will not now repeat his visit here.

"I am glad we shall have so busy a day to-morrow, and so large a party. It will be somewhat to each of us as if the other were not present. Heigh—ho!

"Eerrish says nothing about my letter to him. But he got it, I know; for he spoke of Mr. Cabot's calling with the Magazines.—Eleven, twelve, chime the clocks upon the night. The moon shines on the lime trees,

and their thick black branches wave and toss in the good breeze that comes into my windows. How solemn and grand it is, Susy dear! My cares go as I look and listen to all the things and creatures of the night that are 'hymning their low melodies.' It is thus that nature must often lift me out of the dust. Don't you know what Emerson says? 'Man is fallen; nature is erect, and serves as a differential thermometer, detecting the presence or absence of the divine sentiment in man. By fault of our dullness and selfishness, we are looking up to Nature; but when we are convalescent, Nature will look up to us. We see the foaming brook with compunction; if our own life flowed with the right energy, we should shame the brook.' I wonder when I will be convalescent.

"Adieu, dearest,

"KATE."

#### ULRIC; OR, THE VOICES.

THIS little volume is a pleasant revival of Mr. Fay's authorship, which, we are glad to find, his duties as the most active member of the American legation at Berlin—no sinecure of diplomatic dinners and court balls—have not entirely extinguished. Ulric is a poem which one can read through at a sitting. The interest of the story and the facility of the metre have beguiled the author into making it rather a metrical narrative than an elaborate poem; and as such it will be found worthy of a continuous perusal, which will every now and then discover some poetic beauty of no common order. The struggle of virtue with temptation has always been a favorite theme with poets who use their art to point morals as well as to adorn tales, and the hero of Mr. Fay's poem is one of those Knights Templar who war not only with flesh and blood, but with the principalities and powers of darkness,—

"Not alone  
One whom his sovereign well might own;  
For earthly glory, too, had shone  
Round his victorious sword;  
But Soldier of the Cross, to fight  
Against the dark one of Sin's night,  
And put Hell's treacherous chief to flight  
With Christ's almighty word."

The contests of this champion of the truth with the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, assailing him in less tangible forms than those in which they came to St.

Anthony, but in the more dangerous disguises of beauty, wealth, and power; the warning voices of duty and heavenly encouragement and succor which come to his aid in his extremities; and his final victory through the divine aid, form the groundwork and the plan of the story, the purpose of which is very direct and pure.

Ulric is the heir of an aged uncle, and one of the avenues through which he is assailed is the unnatural wish for the death of the old man and the immediate possession of his inheritance. In one of these moments of temptation, when he resists the half-formed wish, father to the anticipation of his kinsman's death, he is surprised by the realization of his fancy; and the struggles of feeling that ensue, with the sequel of the incident, form a striking scene in the poem, which we quote as a specimen of its manner and matter:

But hark! what blended rapid sound  
Through all the Palace spreads around?  
And now a bell convulsive rings,  
And now the door wide open swings,  
And a pale, stammering servant brings,  
With swift, fear-quicken'd tread,  
The stunning, wild intelligence—  
"Your uncle, sir, His Excellence,  
Who but an hour ago, from hence,  
To ride went forth—is dead."

He clasped his hands with wilder'd start;  
What strong emotion, through his heart,  
Swift stream'd without alloy!

Say, was it love? or blind surprise?  
Or grief, that filled his flashing eyes?  
No! it was what, who grasps a prize  
Feels in his breast resistless rise—

'Twas triumph! it was joy.

"Away," he said. The man withdrew.  
But then, remorse his bosom through  
Pierced quick, and mingled shame.  
He thrust the bolt across the door—  
He knelt him down upon the floor,  
And in that holy name  
Prayed, with a deep sincerity,  
From such foul sin his soul to free  
And himself in torture die,  
Or bid of woe and beggary  
To drink the chalice full—  
Rather than all beneath the sky  
Of Splendor at the Price, to buy  
Of his immortal soul.

And from his knees he scarce arose  
When once again a rapid buzz  
Of mingling voices strikes his ear,  
And forth he went the news to hear.

When lo! again the messenger!  
Yet now, in truth, not pale with fear;  
But wreathed with smiles his lips to tell  
The accident as it befell.

His Excellency back had come:  
Alive and well had reached his home,  
Report had named him for the groom,  
Who, in a sudden fit, had died,  
While riding by his master's side.

And if from a human heart  
All self were ever thrust apart,  
If ever joy and candor spoke  
In words from human lips that broke;  
If ever rose a prayer sincere,  
And fit for Heaven's approving ear,  
It rose from Ulric when he pressed  
His aged uncle to his breast.

We trust this contribution to home literature will not be the last which Mr. Fay will send to this country to sustain his connexion with American letters and disprove the old adage, "out of sight out of mind."

#### CARPENTER'S TRAVELS IN MEXICO.

At an early period of the Mexican war, Mr. Carpenter enlisted as full private in the Kentucky regiment, being thereunto incited by a love of adventure, and persuaded by numerous friends who from pure patriotism and a desire to see a little more of life—and death, had also joined. He makes short work of this part of his story, and in his first paragraph arrives at Brazos Santiago, where in the next we find him grumbling at the bad water.

Drilling proved to be something of a bore, and picket duty rather sharp work. To keep the men alive they were occasionally treated to a false alarm, although they seem to have banished *ennui* pretty effectually by practical joking. Our author chuckles considerably over

#### THE TWO-PRICE GROGGERY.

"One day some of the men belonging to the St. Louis regiment went to the rear of a rum shanty and made an opening in the board partition till they got access to a brandy barrel, whence they retailed it at sixpence a glass. After some time one of the young men went in and asked the sutler how he sold brandy. On being told 'a shilling a glass,' he replied that others sold it for sixpence. 'Where?' asked the sutler. The young man told him to follow and he would show him. He followed to the rear of the building, and saw them selling from his own brandy barrel."

From the impartial account of the result of the trick, we are induced to suppose that the sutler did not evince as much delight as the jokers themselves; in fact we are told that his language was far from courteous, and not exactly such as we use among the "first circles."

The "route" soon put an end to their fun, and the battle of Monterey introduced our author to some of the stern realities of war. Not long after the battle we find him among the guards of a wagon train, and in the course of time, a prisoner, wagon and all. He is first marched to Caterita, then to Mariné, Morales, San Luis de Potosi—where the news of the victory at Buena Vista reaches him—and thence hurried on to Queretero. While on the road a Mexican captain made particular inquiries whether "*General Washington was coming to Vera Cruz with General Scott.*"

During all of this march the prisoners appear to have been treated with much inhumanity; and to have suffered the greatest privations, from which our hero was by no means exempt; in fact he seems to have been an especial butt for misfortune and to have had anything but "a good time generally." Candor compels us to say that by his own account he had no one but himself to thank for many of his troubles, as neither his actions nor his address were of a con-



ciliatory nature. In Queretero we find him and his co-prisoners overpowering the guard and seizing their arms, and at San Juan Del Rio paying back with com-pound interest the results and injuries put upon him by the "leperos." Although just dismissed from the hospital he seems quite

ABLE TO USE CANE.

"I prepared myself with a good heavy oaken staff. With this I boldly went where I was likely to meet with these cowardly ruffians, and should anyone presume to interfere with me, I was sure to belabor him with my cane until I was perfectly satisfied. By this means I not unfrequently got into scrapes that I had not bargained for."

We have no doubt of it. Mr. Carpenter is evidently not of the right *materiel* for a member of the "peace-congress." We soon find him administering

A STUN WITH A STONE.

"I then picked up a large stone weighing some twenty pounds, went into the midst of the crowd, and demanded who had thrown the stone at me. At this appearance of determination they became frightened and forthwith pointed out the man who had done it. I stepped up to him, raised the stone over his head, and brought it down with all the force I could muster."

Having lithographed the "greaser," our friend flogged the crowd generally until they all ran away. Now all this is told with a *naïveté* and absence of all gasconade, as if it were the most natural and advisable course in the world to be pursued. He now makes the acquaintance of one Father Miranda, who treated him with marked kindness, and—probably through his auspices—he attends a ball given by Padre Ramero. Having partaken rather too freely of wine and wassail, he very wisely enters into a re-

ligious discussion with a young priest, and a quarrel ensues as a matter of course. Miranda interferes and our author in drinking a conciliatory glass, gave the following

TOAST DONE RATHER TOO BROWN.

"Here is success to the armies of the United States, hoping that peace will not be made until the whole of Mexico be annexed.' I then put down my glass and said, 'This, ladies and gentlemen, is the toast I drink; how do you like it?'"

Here he "paused for a reply," but as he innocently and humorously adds, "soon saw that he had been going too far"—very naturally he went a little farther, and left the house immediately. This proceeding probably saved the trouble of carrying him out feet foremost.

We cannot longer follow the fortunes of our author, except to state in general terms that after countless adventures—every page teems with them—he arrived safely at home, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, to the great delight of his friends and the disappointment of the surgeon of the Lexington, who had predicted that his days were numbered. Without one particle of literary merit, this book is nevertheless one of the most amusing that we have ever read, and we have but little doubt but its chances of immortality—Western immortality at least—are quite as good as are those of that once immensely popular book, "Captain Riley's Narrative."

Had our author kept a more civil tongue in his head, been less handy in the use of his fists, and followed the precept and example of Father Mathew a little more closely, we fear that we should have been deprived of the pleasure we have had in perusing his *naïve* adventures. He possesses evidently a great talent for getting into scrapes.

LINES ON A VASE OF FLOWERS

(Found upon my Desk).

AN IMPROMPTU.

By the Author of "Records of the Heart," "Child of the Sea," etc.

I GAZE upon these simple Flowers,  
As something I revere—  
They grew in Love's enchanted bowers,  
And Love hath placed them here.

I kiss their cheeks of virgin bloom,  
I press their dewy lips,  
While my rapt soul of their perfume  
Inebriated sips.

Brooklyn, L. I.

I look into their violet eyes,  
And feel my heart grow calm,  
And fancy I'm in Paradise,  
Inhaling Eden's balm.

There in ecstatic dreams I rove  
Among celestial bowers,  
Weaving a garland for my Love  
Of Beatific flowers.

## ASCENT OF MONT BLANC, BY ALBERT SMITH.

THE following account of this ascent is given by Mr. Albert Smith in a letter to the editor of the *Times*, dated from Chamouni:

May I take the liberty of requesting a little space in the *Times* to record our success in the ascent of Mont Blanc on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 12th and 13th? I was accompanied by three other gentlemen, from Christ Church, and 20 guides. We left Chamouni at seven o'clock in the morning on Tuesday, and got to our bivouac on the glaciers at the Grands Mulets at four o'clock. Here we made a fire and dined, and at midnight started again with lanterns, as the moon was not up, along the Glacier de Tacconay, reaching the Grand Plateau (where the avalanche swept away Dr. Hamel's party in 1820) about four o'clock in the morning. After a great deal of trouble amongst the *crevasses*, and having at times to cut each footstep in the ice with hatchets, we sealed the Mur de la Coté, and got to the summit of Mont Blanc at half-past nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, where we remained half an hour in the enjoyment of a perfectly cloudless view. In descending we got back to the Grands Mulets by one o'clock. The most dangerous part of the journey now commenced, as the extreme heat of the day had thawed much of the snow on the Glacier du Bossons, which threatened at every step to give way beneath us. We were, however, all tied together with cords; but for this, one of our party would have been lost. We ultimately arrived in safety at Chamouni at half-past six o'clock in the evening, where the whole village turned out to meet us, and a little *fete* was prepared by M. Tairraz, of the Hotel de Londres, in honor of our safe return. Guns were fired, and wine distributed, and at night the bridge was illuminated with pine branches. I believe we formed the largest party ever assembled together on the summit; but the increased number of guides was necessary from the treacherous state of the snow, after the bad weather that has prevailed here lately. I should have liked to have sent you a few details, but I feel some delicacy in intruding on your columns to the extent I have done.

## ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

CHAMOUNI, AUG. 14.—This quiet Alpine valley has for the last week been in a most unusual state of activity and excitement.

About seven days ago the people learned that three students from the University of Oxford and an English author were getting themselves into condition for attempting the ascent of Mont Blanc. Guides and villagers were at once on the *qui vive*, and the adventurous party were regarded with much interest wherever they went. On Tuesday morning, at seven o'clock, all the preparations being complete, the party set out from the Hotel de Londres. It included Mr. Floyd, said to be a son of the general of that name, and cousin of Sir Robert Peel; Mr. Phillips, a third Oxford man, and Mr. Albert Smith, with sixteen guides, sixteen porters, and a number of aspirants for the post of guide who attended the voyagers and their paid party for the purpose of learning their route to the summit of the mountain. After their departure telescopes were fixed from the windows of the inn, and in other places, to watch the progress of the toilsome ascent, and before six o'clock it was evident the voyagers had crossed the great glacier, and had arrived at their resting place for the night on the Grands Mulets. Yesterday morning, as soon as daylight afforded a clear view, the adventurers were again visible by aid of a good glass, and by twelve o'clock were seen making the final ascent. They rested on the summit for about twenty minutes, and then commenced their descent, arriving here last night about seven o'clock. The excitement during the previous twenty-four hours had been very great in Chamouni, anxious wives and parents having husbands and sons amongst the party up in the snows, and the interest being by no means diminished by the fact that Sir Robert Peel (who had arrived here after the departure of his relative for the ascent) invited nearly all the men remaining in the village, about sixty in number, to an entertainment provided at an auberge, where they were supplied with wine and other popular liquids in which to drink "the health of the Englishmen who were sleeping on Mont Blanc." This ceremony was performed very zealously, and repeated in the most willing manner again and again till long after midnight. When in the evening the party from Mont Blanc approached the village, nearly all the inhabitants assembled to meet them. Guns were fired in quick succession; the harps and fiddles of the valley were in requisition, and a sort of half comical, half triumphal scene ensued.

The travellers and guides looked very jaded and sun-scorched, and had very bloodshot eyes and rather dilapidated costumes, but, in other respects, seemed to be in tolerable condition. This successful ascent by four Englishmen turns the scale of numbers in favor of the English; the French tourists having been hitherto accustomed to point with satisfaction to the fact that more of their countrymen than of ours had succeeded in reaching the top of the king of the Alps. The present forms the 25th ascent—the first dating in 1787. The cost, as well as the labor and danger of these daring excursions, is very great. The talk of the village de-

clares that the ascent will cost the party of four travellers fully £150.

#### ANOTHER ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

It appears that another ascent of Mont Blanc was made on the same day on which Messrs West, Floyd, and A. Smith ascended. Another Englishman, Mr. Vansittart, started with three guides two hours after the other party, and, after a fatiguing journey, reached at sunset the Grands Mulets, where he bivouacked till midnight, when he again started, and arrived at the summit about nine o'clock in the morning. He returned safely to Chamouni in the evening.

#### RENCONTRE ISLAND.\*

The Iroquois came from their ocean lake,  
On an Indian frolic one day,  
From the Nadouessies a few scalps to take,  
For that is the Indian play.

They swept over river, and prairie, and lake,  
Regardless of dangers and toils,  
And scarcely halted their breath to take,  
For more than a thousand miles.

To the Illinois River at length they came,  
Where they launched their barques so trim,  
And so light that a man can carry them,  
As easy as they carry him.

Then down the river they glided along,  
In silence like beasts of prey,  
Prowling by night the forests among,  
And hid in their covert all day.

At dawn of morn, or in dark midnight  
They creep on the sleeping foe;  
Like shadows they come, like fiends they fight,  
And like spectres away they go.

At length they reached that endless stream,  
Which spans half a world in its way,  
The Father of Waters as savages deem,  
Without a beginning or end they say.

A hundred great rivers their waters pour  
In its tide without making it swell;  
A hundred wild nations inhabit its shore,  
Whose names no mortal can tell.

In distant lands these strangers rose  
To mingle their beings in one;  
One came from the world where morning  
glows,  
The other from that of the setting sun.

And just where the two loving rivers unite,  
And form one mighty stream,  
A sweet little island rose calm and bright  
In the sun's first morning beam.

The river was smooth, and the waters clear,\*  
And the trees on its borders that stood,  
Reflected in softer beauty freer,  
In the face of the mirror flood.

But the Iroquois cared not for scenes like these,  
Their game was another sort,  
And the dying foes' last agonies  
Was the Iroquois' favorite sport.

Every man that they met was an enemy;  
Every beast they encountered was game;  
And nothing that lived or moved did they see,  
But set their blood in a flame.

As they rounded the point of the island so fair,  
They met of canoes a large fleet,  
And stopping their paddles the strangers there  
With these brief words did greet.

"Who are *you*?"—"We are somebody,"  
Said the Nadouessies, "And who are *you*?"  
"We are somebody, too," was the Iroquois'  
cry—  
"And what are you going to do?"

"To hunt buffalos," answered the Nadouessies,  
"And where are you going my brothers?"  
"To hunt MEN, the game of the Iroquese,"  
Was the scornful reply of the others.

"Tis well," said the Nadouessies; "*We* are  
men,  
And you need no further look"—  
So they paddled their boats to the island amain,  
And strait to their weapons they took.

\* A small island at the confluence of the Illinois and Mississippi, so called, from a tradition on which this ballad is founded. See *La Hontan's Travels*, 1684).

\* This is the character of Mississippi previous to its junction with the Missouri.



With yellings and shouts they advanced to the  
fight,

As if they'd been foes of yore,  
Though they never had met by day or night,  
In peace or war before.

'Twas not for revenge but for glory they  
fought,

The god of men polished or rude ;  
No land, gold, or plunder these savages sought,  
In that boundless solitude.

They fought to gain a towering name,  
Their fellow braves among ;  
They fought to gain a deathless fame  
In wild traditionary song.

They fought to win a bloody crown,  
Of reeking scalps their brows to deck,  
As Christian men mow nations down,  
And make the world a wreck,

That they may wear a glittering crown,  
Which though not drenched in gore,  
Has cost more blood than any one,  
That savage ever wore.

The Indian wears a buffalo's hornst  
To show his deeds in fight ;  
A jewel'd crown the king adorns,  
An emblem of his might.

Each turns his nose up at the other,  
But everywhere throughout the earth,  
Man is to man his own twin-brother,  
Born at a single birth.

Old Adam still despotic reigns,  
In every human breast,  
His blood's in every mortal's veins,  
His spirit's ne'er at rest.

The fight was long, and man to man  
The Indian warriors stood ;  
With blood the silvery waters ran,  
The island smok'd with blood.

The Iroquois maintained their fame,  
As the heroes of the north,  
But they never more to battle came,  
Or from victory went forth.

† According to Mr. Catlin this is the highest badge of  
distinction among the Indians of the Far West.

The Nadouessies by cunning wile,  
Of Indian stratagem,  
Lured them into a deep defile,  
That proved a grave to them.

Of five hundred Iroquois so brave,  
That came from the ocean lake,  
But one escaped that bloody grave,  
Or home his way did take.

And he with ears and nose cut off,  
As marks of infamy,  
Was sent with a bitter biting scoff,  
Of cutting irony :

" Go tell the Iroquois that when  
They war with the Nadouessies,  
They had better send their fighting men,  
Instead of such women as these.

And from that day a bloody feud  
'Twixt these wild warriors raged ;  
A never ending strife of blood  
A hundred years was waged.

The Nadouessies have passed away,  
They sleep in their own gore ;  
The Iroquois no longer stray  
By broad Ontario's shore.

They live but in historic page,  
Or old tradition's lore ;  
Victims to war's relentless rage,  
Both nations are no more.

Thus long before the white man came  
Across the Atlantic wave,  
And brought with him that liquid flame  
Which sweeps them to the grave,

Tradition tells that scores of bands,  
Of savages had passed away,\*  
Who fell by their own bloody hands,  
To wild revenge a prey.

The roaming white man only came,  
To finish what was thus begun,  
And like a scape-goat bear the blame  
Of that themselves had done.

J. E. P.

\* Almost every Tribe of American Indians has a  
tradition that their ancestors conquered and extirpated  
the ancient possessors of the land they occupy.

#### DOCTRINE OF DESTINY.

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is  
but fortune.

THE TEMPEST.

## FAMILIAR TALK WITH OUR READERS.

THE seasons come and go: and while Nature fails us with her sunshine and verdure, there is a stream, of all the streams that cross this globe of ours, which ever flows on from day to day, from year to year, from age to age, with unbroken flood. Diminishing not with time, but swelling higher and flowing deeper, it seems to cover the earth with its perpetual rush. What mighty torrent is this? It is the everlasting stream of Printed Books: and as our best friends, in adversity and prosperity, in spring and autumn, we stand by the bank this morning and mark a few of its rushing waves. But, not to enter upon this venture too gravely, we give you first a droll book-mistake, which stands thus recorded: "Alton Locke, the Tailor Novelist, has written a book, under the title of 'Yeast.' The Rochester American says that one of the booksellers in that place hung out a flaring placard, announcing this work for sale, and in one day had two applications for it from ancient females, domestically inclined and bearing tin pails. One asked for a pint and the other wanted a 'penny worth.'" The readers of the Dollar have been heretofore made acquainted with the peculiar merits of a unique publication in Philadelphia, of which we have the following "summing up," on its conclusion from the pen of Col. WALLACE, of the "Philadelphia Sun":

"COMIC NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACE.—The eighth and last number of the amusing scenes of sketches, designed and illustrated by HENRY L. STEPHENS, has been published. It contains the Night Hawk, *Noctivagaas Captiverdens*; the Sun Bird, *Filius Wallacei*; the Catbird Warbler, *Histrionia Festiva*, the Alms House Bird, and the Hen that Hatched the Egg. This first attempt to introduce a new kind of comic literature to our reading public has been more successful in the admirable designs of STEPHENS than in the letter press illustrations. The wit of the latter has been too frequently labored, and sometimes it has been very unquestionable wit. A few of the sketches have been admirably written. If there should be a new series of the History—and we trust there will be—these faults may be corrected. In the last number we have been rendered immortal, under the name of the "Sun Bird," and Mr. VAUX has tried to write something about us. We are not surprised that he failed. Who can paint the grandeur of Niagara in mere words, the majesty of the cloud-capped Alps, the sublimity of the aurora-spanned heavens, or portray the beauty, elegance, and brilliancy of the Sun Bird?"

We sympathize profoundly with Colonel WALLACE on being thus "misrepresented;" but anyhow he has now the consolation of knowing to a certainty that he is "a bird."

... By the way, if we had the appointment of a representative to Valparaiso, we think we should send the handsome Colonel, who would, no doubt, figure to great advantage in performing the delicate duty described in this passage of a late work of Rambles: "It is the custom in that country, upon entering any of the houses belonging to the middle and lower classes, to hand *cigaritos* to the ladies present, or if one has not them, to produce his cigar case, containing the necessary tobacco, cut small, and leaves of Indian corn, and roll some for the *señoritas*. I tried my hand, and spoiled many dozens before I succeeded; in fact it was not until I had been some weeks on the coast that I could make a *cigarito* fit for presentation. In return, on leaving the house, the lady presents the visitor with a rose, or some flower; but this fashion is fast getting into disuse, the higher classes having adopted French manners as much as possible, and the ladies left off smoking.

... "Life in the saloons of Tiflis differs in no essential point from the saloon-life of the large European cities. But on festive occasions, on gratulation days, at the great balls in the palace of the Governor, and the like, a pomp and variety of dress is displayed such as I have seen nothing like, even in Constantinople and Paris. To these great balls in the palace of the Sardars one or two thousand persons are usually invited. The Georgian ladies then appear so richly adorned that they literally wear their whole wealth in pearls and jewels and costly stuffs. Nay, I have known ladies who have borrowed ornaments from the whole neighborhood, so as to be able to glitter in full brilliance at the great balls of Tiflis. Whilst the dancing world is all in motion in the midst of the large saloon, the proud, not-dancing Asiatic guests sit round along the walls with flashing daggers in their silver girdles, as if it were a prelude to battle. Here, by the side of the high-grown Circassian chieftain, who has submitted himself for a while to the Russians, in order, on a favourable occasion, to break loose again upon his hereditary foes, sits, covered with the black Phrygian cap, in blue Talar, the Persian mustahid (high priest), with as solemn a countenance as if he were exhorting the faithful to devotion. That tall-grown man, with the brown, withered cheeks and the scarlet-red attire, is the Prince of the Truchmenians, who, a short time ago, submitted himself, with his whole race, to the great Padishah of Muscovy, and now, dazzled by the encompassing splendor, knows not whither to turn his astounded eye in the midst of the aerial jewel-gleaming Peris, who so lovingly are springing round and round, and clasping their partners in the dance, as if the whole house were their harem, and all these their lovers.

The broad-shouldered man there, with the long, narrow eyes, the red-colored beard, and the coat of armor rimmed round with silver, is a Tartar Chan from the province of Daghestan. His hand, tinged blue on the tips of the fingers with henna, he keeps on the long kinshal (dagger), and thinks Allah is great and his ways are wonderful, that he has conducted my steps into the chambers of beauty, where the women spring along in dresses of pomp, on the feet of light-mindedness, without veil or modesty, before the glances of strange men, as if their own husbands were of no concern! That slender young man, with the proud countenance and the dark eyes, who, departing from the customs of his country, is dancing with the young Princess Orbelian the charming national dance, the Les-ginka, is Daniel, the Sultan of Jelissui. The whole company of ladies contemplate his beautiful figure, his graceful movements, with joy and satisfaction; but the faithful Moslem eye him with scornful look, and this one dance has cost him country and throne! I had promised to visit him at Jelissui, and on my way I learned that his people had committed a frightful massacre on the Russians, and driven them out of the country, and that Sultan Daniel had taken refuge with Shamyl, whose first Naib he still is."—*Bodenstedt's Thousand and One Days in the Morning Land.*

. . . . The town of Manchester has been greatly excited by the exposure of a singular imposture, and the awfully sudden termination of the career of its perpetratress. A Hungarian woman of very low origin, and who had been employed as a spy in the Hungarian service, had managed to obtain credence as a *soi-disant* "BARONESS;" and to this assumption of rank had superadded the assumption of one of the first noble names of Transylvania.

This pretended "BARONESS VON BECK" had, in fact, contrived to introduce herself to the acquaintance and friendship of highly respectable people, who had pitied her alleged reverses, and after buying a *narrative* of her adventures, were in the very act of giving and obtaining subscriptions for another book of similar nature, which she was about to publish.

The *real* character, however, chanced to transpire; and she was arrested and taken to the Police Court, where, just as she was about to be placed at the bar, the summons of a Higher Power called her to the Bar of the Almighty. She dropped down dead in the ante-room of the Police Court, at the very moment when she was ordered to be brought before the magistrate. [An inquest since held declares her death to have arisen from natural causes.] A singular feature in the case, and one which causes much remark, is, that it was declared upon the evidence of official letters (and remains uncontradicted), that this woman was, just prior to her death, employed as a spy by the "foreign branch of the English Police;" and was receiving from them about \$30 a week, in the way of secret service money! No slight degree of

excitement is caused by this announcement, that the English Government is maintaining a corps of "Secret Police" on the Continent.

. . . . The giant of the regiment is the House of HARPER, from the number and character of publications which it brings forward. A mere enumeration shows the extent and grasp of business of this great book firm. "Rule and Misrule of the English in America," by the author of "Sam Slick"—a prejudiced work, which, from the reputation of its author, should have had a little humor, if it could not be expected to show impartiality and correct judgment. "The Nile Boat," by W. H. BARTLETT, a large octavo, illustrated. "Drayton," a story of American Life. Two thumping octavos, by Mr. ABRAHAM MILLS, A.M., on "The Literature and Literary Men of Great Britain and Ireland." LAMARTINE'S "History of the Restoration," written with glow, strength, and spirit, to which we scarcely supposed the Ex-head of the Provisional Government equal. ANTHON'S carefully prepared "Roman Antiquities." "Travels and Adventures in Mexico," by WM. W. CARPENTER—with their serials and a liberal interspersed of cheap and popular novels. A reader of the publications of Cliff street would be certainly a well and variously informed man.

. . . . Before we advance to another of "the Trade" we may mention properly the death of one of its chief supporters, JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, who laid aside the pen and left the scenes he has so often happily described on Sunday, the 14th inst., at his residence at Cooperstown, in this State. An attempt is making to do honor to his memory by various persons in this city, which we trust, for the sake of the general literary claim of the country, will be properly conducted. Of this we shall probably have occasion to speak hereafter—according to the facts.

. . . . J. S. REDFIELD has completed his triplet of noble volumes, "Episodes of Insect Life," by the publication of the third in the same elegant and attractive style as its predecessors.

. . . . Another volume of the DE QUINCEY series, from TICKNOR, REID & FIELDS of Boston, sustains that admirable undertaking, in style, interest and form of publication. The new volume is one of the best, perhaps the most generally instructive and entertaining, of those now issued. Also, from the same publisher, a new edition of J. RUSSELL LOWELL'S poem of "SIR LAUNFAL," in neat type and clean paper. Also, from the same, a posthumous volume of "MOTHERWELL'S POEMS."

. . . . In turn again we have new numbers of TALLIS'S (John Tallis & Co.'s) "Dramatic Magazine" and "Scripture Natural History," both engaging works, pleasing to the eye and mind.

. . . . An incident of the month, which multitudes would scarcely forgive us for omitting, has been the arrival on our shores of the celebrated singer, Miss CATHERINE HAYES, who (as



ships are feminine, we may so speak of this gallant vessel of song) has been launched upon the tide of favor, under the pilotage of J. H. WARDWELL, Esq., with great good judgment and success. It is, we think, enough for him to say that the public were ready for the lady when she came; that four thousand eager ticket-buyers assailed the gates of Tripler Hall on the opening night—that the fair singer was received in a tumult of enthusiasm—that she appeared and sang with such purity, grace, and pathos, as to take captive the vast throng and hold them in a sure fetter of “linked sweetness long drawn out”—and that the universal audience of the United States are prepared, by report of her triumph, to roll her car with great gain and glory through the length and breadth of the Republic.

. . . . JOHN S. TAYLOR has added, among others, a book of note to the stock in the market, by the recent issue of “Mutterings of an Invalid,” a wondrously plain-spoken volume, with quaint musings, violent mutterings, serious ponderings, pathetic lamentings, and every other variety of utterance from a man “out of sorts.” A book very readable and very well worth reading—and evidently issuing right out of the author’s heart and spirit—not always orthodox in speech, nor justifiable in sentiment, but racy and right intentioned, we believe.

. . . . We have a good word to say, even for a Russian count, when he furnishes a reasonable opportunity. We therefore record this little anecdote:—“By the Russian laws every female serf is free as soon as married to a free man; on the other hand, marriage with a serf entails serfdom on a free woman. On a certain day one of Count Scheremetiew’s rich bondsmen appeared before his lord to petition for the freedom of a son. The young man was in love with a poor but free maiden, who returned his affection, but would not sacrifice her liberty to love. The father offered eighty thousand rubles as the price of his son’s happiness. The count accepted, and desired his vassal to produce the money. In an instant it was paid over. Letters of emancipation were forthwith drawn up, and the count delivered them to the delighted father, with the words, ‘You must let me be the bridesman.’ When in this capacity the count had conducted the bride from the altar to her husband’s house, and had handed her, according to Russian custom, upon a silver waiter, the first glass of champagne, he presented to her, as a bridal gift, a bouquet of fresh flowers, skillfully arranged round a small case containing the eighty thousand rubles.”

. . . . Among the flying contributors to the Press we observe a constant diligence in the pen of JAMES REES, Esq., devoted to dramatic criticism and the promotion of a purer taste and more healthful morality among the dramatic writers of the country. In this labor every friend of the taste and decorum of the country should heartily wish him success. If zeal, knowledge, and persevering talent can accomplish anything in this direction, Mr. Rees may justly claim the laurel.

. . . . “Helps and Hints to Health and Happiness,” is an original and special book, by Dr. JOEL ROSS of this city, published by DERBY & MILLER—pregnant with anecdote, judicious comment and instruction—pleasantly sauced with entertainment throughout.

. . . . THE AMERICAN ART UNION of this city opened in the middle of the last month, with a hearty reception of one hundred and fifty (or more) notables by Mr. COZZENS, the genial president—speeches, toasts, pictures, oysters and champagne. An olla podrida quite pleasant to partake of.

. . . . The Messrs. APPLETON are still busy at their fine store, with a succession of classical and standard issues, all in form and of a character suited to the well-selected library.

SCENERY OF THE COAST OF THE BLACK SEA.—I forbear giving way to descriptions, that could say nothing of the glorious natural spectacles which the coast, beheld from out at sea, afforded in luxurious abundance. The foaming breakers, the rocky banks, the impenetrable woods, losing themselves in endless distance; the ranges of hills, with their many tints and leafy crowns; and behind them all the great mountain-chain, with its incessantly shifting play of colors. Here, unless a perfectly serene day, such as April seldom offers, secures a clear and steady view, all is continual change. A dense mist, concealing all things, is often drawn before the peering eye; and vainly does the baffled sense then seek for a relieving point of vision; until a sun-glance rends the ashen veil, and a shining beam, like a golden magic wand, charms into sight a world of beauty; and wood, hill, and glacier are gleaming in new splendor around.—*Bodenstedt’s Thousand and One Days in the Morning Land.*

NEW COSTUME FOR LADIES.—The following paragraph, extracted from a London paper (November, 1794), would lead to the conclusion that the agitation regarding costume now going on in America is not entirely novel; the Turkish fashion having been introduced unsuccessfully into this metropolis in the last century:—“The young ladies of *haut ton*, who have invented Turkish fashions, will not be surprised if their husbands should follow their example, and adopt the Turkish taste for variety. No man of sense can be long attached to such absurdity!”—*Notes and Queries.*

NOBLE REPLY OF A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.—“Surrender!” was the summons of General Rosen to Hamsad Bey, “surrender! resistance is in vain: the hosts which I bring against you are numberless as the sands on the sea-shore!” “But my hosts,” was the answer, “are like the waves of the sea, which wash away the sand!”—*Bodenstedt’s Thousand and One Days in the Morning Land.*

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—During one of the circuits, Curran was dining with a brother advocate at a small inn kept by a respectable

woman, who, to the well ordering of her establishment, added a reputation for that species of apt and keen reply which sometimes supplies the place of wit. The dinner had been well served, the wine was pronounced excellent, and it was proposed that the hostess should be summoned to receive their compliments on her good fare. The christian name of this purveyor was Honoria, a name of common occurrence in Ireland, but which is generally abbreviated to that of Honor. Her attendance was prompt, and Curran, after a brief eulogium on the dinner, but especially the wine, filled a bumper, and, handing her it, proposed as a toast, "Honor and Honesty." His auditor took the glass, and, with a peculiarly arch smile, said, "Our absent friends," and, having drank off her amended toast, she curtsied and withdrew.—*Notes and Queries.*

**JAMES II.'S NATURAL SON THE DUKE DE BERWICK AND ALVA.**—A sword amongst the Spanish jewels in the Great Exhibition is said to be ordered by "S. E. Jacques Stuart, Duc de Berwick and Alva." Is this a descendant of James II.'s illegitimate son, the Duke of Berwick? and, if so, can any of your correspondents give me any information as to his descent, &c.?—*Notes and Queries.*

**AN ACCOMMODATING SON OF SOLOMON.**—When I once asked the wise man of Gjandsha how he could reconcile it with his principles to stand in friendly relations to so many faithful priests and learned scribes, as well as the sect of the Sunnites as of the sect of the Shiites, he replied, "How unwisely thou speakest, O youth! what are the sects and schisms of the Church to me? Every flock will have its shepherd and every congregation its preacher; everybody manages his business in his own way, for man will live. The wise must rather adapt themselves to the foolish, than the foolish to the wise; for the foolish are many and the wise are few. The merchant praises his merchandise, and men buy thereof according to their need; the Mullah praises the streamful gardens of Paradise, and men believe therein according to their need. But if the merchant would say, my merchandise is bad, he would become a beggar, and lose his customers. The customers, however, would not go bare for that, but would buy their merchandise of other sellers. And if the Mullah should say, my doctrine is false, the foolish would stone him, and put another in his place. The more he accommodates himself to their folly so much the more do they esteem him. Only by little and little does truth find its way among men; only by degrees does the seed germinate and bear fruit. But shall one kindle no lamp because the sun does not shine at night? Shall one reproach intelligence because it must live at the cost of unintelligence? What says Saadi: 'Shall one complain of the beautiful light of Heaven because the bat cannot abide the sun-ray? Rather let a thousand eyes of bats be blinded than that the sun should on their account be darken-

ed!"—*Bodenstedt's Thousand and One Days in the Morning Land.*

**A NICE DISTINCTION.**—During the last revolution a certain great firm in Malaga made a contract with the coast-guard to allow a valuable cargo of English manufactures to be landed at a given point. The sum proposed (£2,000) was accepted; the troops were carefully directed to other points, and the landing was safely effected. The goods were now placed in boxes used for raisins, and the proprietor appeared with his string of mules at the gates of Malaga. But here the unlucky merchant was taken aside and informed that the stipulation was only for landing, and not for delivering goods, or allowing them to be delivered, in Malaga, and that he must, therefore, not only forfeit his £2,000, but also submit to see his whole cargo confiscated.—*The Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean.*

**A CIVILIZED CONDOR.**—In Vaparaíso I first saw a condor. The one in question had been a constant resident in and about the port for a considerable time. Nobody, however, knew how he came there; but it seems that he came of his own accord, and settled in those parts. He never got out of the way for any one, but might be seen basking in the sun at the corner of the butcher's shop at the port, day after day, quite a Diogenes. Sometimes he would go away, I suppose to visit his friends for a day or two, but always returned to his old post at the butcher's. He was of a dusty lead color, bare about the head and neck, and stood a yard high; his beak and claws were formidable in the extreme, and altogether he seemed an ugly customer to attack. I noticed that the dogs always gave him a very wide berth.—*Recollections of a Ramble from Sydney to Southampton.*

**SYRIAN NOTIONS OF MEDICAL SKILL.**—A doctor is thought nothing of here unless he resorts to violent remedies. I was told a curious anecdote of a *soi disant* doctor, who acquired a great reputation in Beilan. He was much given to administering emetics, and having a very delicate patient, resorted as usual to this method of cure, leaving in the hands of the patient's brother three strong doses of emetic, which he directed should be administered at intervals of three hours. The brother, finding the first powder had no immediate effect, gave the unfortunate invalid the remaining two within five minutes. The result was violent sickness, succeeded by spasms and cramp, which, in a few hours terminated fatally. Next day the doctor was astonished to learn, on inquiry, that his patient was dead, and evinced his concern in his face. "Never mind," said the brother, "It was so fated; but, Mashalla! you are a great doctor: the medicine you gave never ceased operating till the moment of my brother's death. It was a fine medicine, and if it couldn't cure him nothing earthly could."—*Neale's Eight Years in Syria.*